Ciceronis Amor.

TVLLIES LOVE.

Wherein is diſcourſed, the prime of CICEROES youth, ſetting out in liuely Portraitures, how *yong Gentlemen, that aime at Honour, ſhould leuell the end* of their affections, holding the loue of Countrey and friends in more eſteeme, then thoſe fading bloſſomes of beautie, that onely feede the curious ſuruey of the eye.

A worke full of pleaſure, as following CICEROES *veine, who was ſo conceited in his youth, as graue* in his Age, profitable, as containing precepts worthy ſo famous an Oratour.

By ROBERT GREENE, *In artibus Magiſter.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit vtile dulci.

LONDON

Printed by *W. Stansby* for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to bee ſold at his Shop in S. *Dunſtanes* Church-yard, vnder the Diall. 1615

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TO THE RIGHT Honourable, FERDINANDO STANLEY, *Lord Strange, ennobled* with all Titles that Honour may afford, or Vertue challenge, *Robert Greene* wisheth increase of vertuous and Lordly resolutions.

THE *Tripos* (right Honourable) ingrauen with *detur sapienti*, was by the Oracle allotted to *Socrates*; *Achilles* shield maintained with the sword, fel to *Vlisses* for his wisedome; *Pallas* had her Library, and her Launce: and such as read *Non vltra* on *Hercules* Pillers, pointed out the characters with their Speares. Proportion the mother of Geometry, and Mistresse of Arts, commaunds that *Hector* haue his honours, *Alcides* his glories, and that *Olympus* be neuer without bright glittering Armour, nor greene wreathed Garlands, as well to grace the souldier, as to glory the Poet.

This considered (right Honourable) hauing done my endeuour to pen downe the loues of *Cicero*, which *Plutarch*, and *Cornelius Nepos* forgot in their writings: I presumed to present vnto your Honour, not high written Poems, as *Maro* did to *Augustus*; but the fruits of well intended thoughts, as *Callymachus* scholler did

to *Alexander*, thinking nothing rare or view worthy, sufficiently patronaged, vnlesse shrowded vnder the protection of so honourable a Mecœnas. Whatsoeuer was pleaded in *Rostris*, was not penned by *Hortensius*, and yet the Senators heard & gaue plausible censures. *Homer* spent verses, as well on *Irus* the beggar, as *Eurymachus* the wooer. Euery sentence cannot *Cleanthis lucernam olere*, & yet men will reade Poems, and praise them. Then (right Honourable) if my worke, treating of *Cicero*, seeme not fit for *Cicero*, as eclipsing the beautious shew of his eloquence, with a harsh and vnpolished stile, yet I craue that your Honour will vouch of it, only for that it is written of *Cicero Ennius* laboured as hard in his rough Poesies, as *Virgil* in his high Poems. *Phidias* pensili (in his owne conceit) was as sharp pointed, as *Pigmaleon* chafing tooles: meane wits, in their follies, haue equall paines with learned Clarkes in their fancies. *Apollo* yeelded Oracles, aswel to poore men for their praiers, as to Princes for their presents. Stars haue their lights, and haires their shadowes. Meane Schollers haue high thoughts, though lowe fortunes. Thus perswaded and emboldned (right Honourable) I present this Pamphlet of *Ciceroes* Loues to your Lordship, resolued vpon your courteous acceptance, that weighing the mind, not the matter, your Honour will say, if not *Bucephalus*, yet a horse. And in this hope resting, I wish to your Lordship, as much health and happinesse, as your Honour can desire, or I imagine.

Your Lordships humble deuoted

ROBERT GREENE.

To the gentle Readers health.

GEntlemen, I haue written of Tullies Loue, a worke attempted to winne your fauours, but to discouer mine owne ignorance, in that, coueting to counterfeit Tullies phrase, I haue lost my selfe in vnproper words: but hoping (as euer I haue done) of your curtesies, I haue like bold Bayard, put my head out of the stable. If my method be worse then it was wont to bee, thinke that skill in Musicke mard all: For the cleiue was so dissonant from my note, that wee could not clap a concord together by fiue markes. Chiron the Sagittary was but a fained conceipt, and men that beare great shapes, and large shadowes, & haue no good, nor honest minds, are like the portraiture of Hercules, drawne vpon the sands. If I speake mistically, think tis musically; and so desiring that you wil take Tullies Loue, as penned for your pleasure, I bid you farewell.

Robert Greene.

Ad Lectorem Hexasticon.

IN lucem prodit tenebris exuta malignis
Romulei petulans væsanaq; flammula Phœbi:
Rorantem Authori (Lectores) spargite florem,
Intybã, Narcissos, Latacen, pictiq; Roseti
Dulces diuitias: Illum concingite lauru:
Emerito solers industria reddat honorem.

Tho. Watson. Oxon.

Ad Lectorem de Ciceronis amore, Hexasticon.

MIraris fortasse legens Ciceronis amorem?
Desine mirari, qui bene scribit, amat.
Crimen inesse putas? semel insaniuimus omnes:
Quæ faciunt iuuenes, condoluere senes.
Linguam qui laudat Ciceronis, laudet amorem:
Greni solus honor, sit Ciceronis amor.

G. B. Cantabrigiensis.

VArro and *Tucca* wrote of *Maroes* verſe,
And *Dares* dar'd to tell of *Homers* skill,
Of *Ouids* workes Latines haue made rehearſe,
And Poets haue diſcourſt of *Pindars* quill.
Many haue writ Coſmographie of lands,
And told of *Gihon* and of *Tagus* ſands:
Of *Hellens* beauty, and of *Ledaes* hew,
The winged fancies of the learnd haue told:
But of the prowdeſt Poets old or new,
Who dar'd ſweet *Tullies* fancies once vnfold?
As far too high for all that yet haue beene:
Then giue the palme and glory vnto *Greene*.

Thomas Burneby Eſquire.

NOw bloomes and bloſſoms of faire *Adons* flower,
Cupid is ſtolne from *Pathos* ſecret ſhrine,
Diana lurkes, ſhe and her Nymphs doe lower:
Bacchus that tempers ſacred Loue with wine,
Ceres, and all the Gods haue made agree,
That Loue is God, and there is none but hee.
The Poems wanton *Ouid* ſet in verſe:
His Art of Loue that baniſht him from *Rome*,
Did neuer ſuch quaint Amorets rehearſe,
As are deſchiphered vnder *Tullies* doome;
Whoſe Romane phraſe fetch from *Parnaſſus* hill,
Saies, none but *Tully* in the depth of skill.

Edward Rainsford Eſquire

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TVLLIES LOVE.

THere dwelled in the Citie of Rome, beeing metropolitane of the world, famous aswel for martiall Champions, as delicate for beautifull Ladies, a Consull called Flaminius, made glorious by Fortune, as hauing twise rode in the triumphing chariot, and worne the Lawrell wreath, giuen as a palme to such as haue béene happie for many great victories. This Consul famous in the common wealth for his martiall exploits, Fortune whose conceite rests in extreames, either too prodigall in her fauours, or preiudiciall in her frownes, to make this man the miracle of her deitie, lent him one onely Daughter, of such excellent exquisite perfection, as Nature in her séemed to wonder at her owne workes. Her haire was like the shine of Apollo, when shaking his glorious tresses hé makes the world beautious with his brightnesse. The Iuorie of her face ouerdasht with a vermilion die, séemed like the blush that leapt from Endimions cheekes, when Cynthia courts him on the Hilles of Latmos. So did the proportion of her body answere to the perfection of her minde, and the honour of her thoughts so fitted to the glory of her fauours, as it rested doubtfull whether her outward beauties, or inward vertues held the supremacie. In so much, that as men flocke to Delphos, to heare the Oracles of Apollo, so diuers resorte to Rome to take view of the excellencie of Terentia: who once delighted with the sight of her grace, set downe this as an Axiome, that Pallas the Patronesse of Troy for wisdome, or Venus the wonder of heauen for beautie, might not disgrace the dignities of this gorgeous Damosell. Rome swelling with

the pride of this matchlesse Virgine, whose thoughts were more humble then her face beautifull: and yet the Painters of that time feared to attempt her portraiture, as finding the perfection of nature to exceede the proportion of Art, made her the Mistris of their Vestals, as one that counted fancie as vnfit for a maide, as Alexander cowardize for a Souldier. Cupid sitting on his mothers knee by the fount of Alcydalion, seeing how Terentia, enemy to his amorous philosophy, set loue at so light esteeme, and for a charme against his magicall inchantments, carried the euer-burning fier of Vesta in her breast, clasping his mother wantonly about the necke he began thus to prattle. Seeing mother, wee haue left the places of our accustomed residence, to auoide the troups of such suitors, as onely end their loues with their liues, and haue stolne to the secret fount here a while, to be solitary, to weare away the time with some conceited chat, I pray you tell mee whereof are womens hearts made: I aske the question mother, for that I finde the distinction of their fancies like the difference of their faces, which as they bee distinguisht in proportiõ, so they bee altogether vnlike in properties. Venus hearing her sonne make such a waggish demaund began thus to reply. Some say, my boy, of the liuer of a Camelion, whose nature is to be changeable in hues, and womẽ as variable in their thoughts. Others of a pyrit stone, which handled softly, is as cold as ice, but pressed betweene the fingers, burneth like fire: they which infer this comparison, say that women brooke not fauourable perswasions, nor may be wonne by intreaties, but the readie way to kindle them with desire, is to crosse them with Disdaine. Some say their harts are of Marble, which being hard, yet drops teares against euery storme: Some of wax that is soft, admitting euery impression: those women haue their loues in their looks, which taken in with a gaze, is thrust out with a winke: some of Adamant, they bee hard harted, and yet men say, the Lapidaries haue toles to pierce them: others of gold, and they bee like Danaë, that will admit no louer but such as Iupiter. To be briefe, my boy, so many fancies, so many fictions, euery one censuring of womens hearts, as

his

his owne experience hath found her froward or fauorable. Cupid hearing his Mother discourse thus cunningly, demaunded amongst all these, whereof was Terentias heart of Rome formed. At this Venus fetching a deepe sigh, prosecuted her former premises thus. Well wagge, for all you play the wanton, hast thou insight so far into thine enemies thoughts, that thou hast quoted in thy tables, the resolution of Terentia, whom men count more beautiful then my selfe, and more chast then Diana: her hart, my boy, is framed of the purest diamond, which, as it is hard to entertaine loue, so it is cleane, fit for the receit of Vertue: I tell thee Cupid, Terentia makes desire her drudge, and disdaine her Champion: Shee honours all the Gods but thee, and admits all recreations but loue: that she may finish her age vñ content of patience. The prime of her yeeres are graue, that the fruits of her time may be gracious, and she striues to be as full of honour in her life, as full of fauours in her lookes. To conclude, my boy, shee is Terentia, who seekes with labors to auoide loues, and indeuours to be called as vertuous, as other Ladies amorous. Thus Venus ended with a frowne, and Cupid began with a smile, she scorning at her honours, he studying on reueng, after a little pause the cholerick boy burst forth into these tearmes: And shall Terentia offer perfumes to Vesta, and hemlock to Venus? shall shee (mother) strew Dianaes lawnes with Roses, and your pallaces with nettles? shall she set Desire in rags, and Disdaine in silkes? No, Cupid hath his bolts feathered with the wings of swallows that flie swift, and his arrowes headed with strong tempred steele, that pierce deepe, like to Achilles launce, that did wound and heale: my shafts (mother) are of sundry mettals, the strongest of them will I aime at Terentia, and if my fortune faile mee not, I will change her songs to sighes, and her chast prayers to amorous passions. And with that, leaping from his mothers lap, he bent his bow, shot an Arrow, and hit Terentia on the hart, but it was of such proofe, as the boult rebounded, and brake into a thousand shiuers. At this Cupid scorned, seeing his deitie countercheckt with such constant chastitie: and Venus smiled, see-

ing her sonne in such a rage: which so increased his choler, that he discharged all his arrowes at randome, careless of his aime, so he might any way reuenge. Amongst the rest young Lentulus a Romane Cauelier, vnder whose conduct the Consull sent many Legions to make warre against the Parthians, was one of those vnfortunate men that Cupid had bruised with his arrowes. For hauing fought a set battel, and bought the victory with great losse, fresh supplies were sent him from Rome: Lentulus welcomming his newcome soldiers, demanded what newes: after they had made report of the state of the common-wealth, they then, as a thing miraculous and supernaturall, discoursed to him the excellency of Terentia, setting out her glories with such emphaticall descriptions, that Lentulus leaning his head on his hand, became a willing auditor to such pleasant Philosophy. Smiling thus in the ouer-sweete potions that Loue had tempred like Circes to bewitch the wary and warlike Vlisses, he caused his souldiers with often repetitions of Terentias beauty, to graft it in the fancies of his new entertained fancies. In the day his head was troubled with thoughts of Terentia: in the night conceit presented the visions of Terentia. Where before hee laid plots how to circumuent the Parthians, now he deuised how to compasse his passions: loue wisht him to make light esteeme of war, but growing to bee careless, he gaue his enemies occasion of incouragement. Being thus perplexed with vnacquainted fits, hee began thus souldier-like to debate with himselfe. Haue not the ancient Romanes, whose statues and trophees haue filled the world with wonder of their chiualry, ainde the end of their honors to consist in arms: haue not they fetch fame from the heauens with their swords, and bound her to their fortunes with circumscriptions of blood: haue not their launces pierst oblition to the heart, and their martial deeds registred their names in the chronicles of memory: and yet Lentulus dost thou make light esteeme of war, whose very frownes are honour, and whose fauours immortall glories: Blush at thy thoughts that are so base, and weepe with Cæsar, that thou hast not done wonders with Alexander. Thou art elected

by

by the Consuls, as a choise man of Rome, as high prised for thy valour, as thy parentage, and yet thy mother was of the great Æmilij. Thou art sent against the Parthians, a nation warlike and resolute, either to challenge thy graue with thy sworde, or carue out their tombes with the Courtleare. Dareſt thou then Lentulus, amidst those glorious thoughts of a Souldier, admit the leaſt passion of a louer? shall thy policies, too little for the Parthians, be imployed in purchasing Terentia? No Lentulus, draw thy Fawchon, brandish it against Rome, and if Loue loke but ouer the walles, menace her with thy martiall weapons: and yet Lentulus, bee not so stoicall as to reiect such a mighty deity. Haue not the Romans erected a temple neere vnto Campus Martius? Are not knights dubbed, to defend Ladies? Make they not their Helmes proud with their Mistris fauours? Mars hath his amours, as he hath his armours. Alexander gloried in his Loues, as he triumphed in his Victories. Great Pompey hath his Iulia, Cæsar his paramour, Souldiers haue loued, & so will I. Hauing thus discoursed with himselfe, his hope of his loue, drawe such an inuincible courage into his minde that he passed not many daies without giuing battell to the Parthians, in which, getting a glorious victory, he sent great treasure, and many captiues home to Rome, with great intercession to the Senate, that he might not winter from his owne Country. The Consuls glad to fauour him with any reasonable grant, sent Lepidus to take his place, & recalled Lentulus home to the Citie. The fame of whose high intended thoughts, his conquest inlarged with infinite treasures and rich captiues, made Rome to ring with Ecchoes of his matchlesse excellencie: insomuch, that passing through the stretes to the Capitoll, there to be inuested with the honors due to his victories, multitudes of Romanes were placed on scaffolds, to take view of so braue and hardy a captaine, and the gorgeous windows of the citty were stuffed with troops of beautifol Ladies, tickled with an earnest desire to satisfie their sights with his personage. Passing thus in pompe, Iulius Cæsar then being Dictator; after the solemne rites and magnificent triumphs were ended, bade him home to din-

ner, where he feasted him with such royalty as might beseeme the greatnesse of the day, and the highnesse of his own thoughts. Thus flew the fame of Lentulus through Rome, as the wonder of his time, but all those triumphāt dignities could not extirpate the melancholy of this Romans thoughts inserted into his minde by the fond inchauntments of loue, but as the wounded Deere wringeth forth teares, and the Mirtle pierced, yeeldeth gumme, so Lentulus after his deepe impression of loue, could afford nought but sighes and sorrowes. The Oemme of Terentias excellency reflected in his minde like an obiect in a Crystall mirror, that amiddest his most serious affaires, he found the passions of Loue to bee intermedled. Fortune that had tied her fauours in the top of his Crest, halfe perswaded to become cōstant to this warlike Champion, seeing Cupid wrong him without cause, thought with a soueraigne antidote, to preuent the further ensuing preiudices of fancy. Forcing therefore Oportunity to daunce attendance vpon this her darling, it fell out, that Flaminius the father of Terentia, seeing how Lentulus was generally feasted of all the Senators in Rome, thought amongst the rest, to welcome home the warrior with a banket: and therefore meeting him at one Titus Annius Miloes house, hee solemnly inuited him home to dinner. Lentulus, as full of curtesie as courage, after great thankes, promised to be his guest. Whereupon Flaminius passing home, made prouision: and Lentulus stealing to his lodging, beeing solitary, cōceiued such inward ioy at this sweet oportunity, that leaning vpon his left hand, smiling to himselfe, he breathed out these words: Such, I see well, as Mars honours with fauors, Venus will not crosse with frowns: those that conquer in Warres, shall not perish in Loues. Cupid fauors his fathers followers, and such as fortune smiles on in battel she laughs on in fancies: I coueted to beare charge against the Parthians, and the Senate elected me Lord of their Legions: Desire wisht me to haue a sight of Terentia, and her father entertaines me for a guest. I made conquest of mine enemies with the sword, and why may I not winne Loue with my loyalty? Feare not Lentulus, these concluded comparisons

sance are prodigious, be Augure then to thy selfe, and calculate thy good fortunes by thy thoughts: Loues and Warres craue courage. Feare not man, for thy intreaties are as mighty, as her denials can be contrary. As thus he was debating within himselfe, the closke told him it was time to go to visite his Host, so that he made himselfe as sumptuous as might be, and at the parting from his chamber doore he said thus: if Venus (quoth he) thou fauour me in my loues, I will become thy bowed seruant in my life: I will strew thy Altars with Roses, and set thée shrines at Paphos, I will bind vp my temples with Mirtle bowes and for the martiall garland weare a wreath of flowers: I will haue doues nestes in my pallaces, and what belongs to thée shal be some of my delight, onely grace me with the fauour of Terentia. Ending this his vow, he passed forward with his traine towardes the house of Flaminius, where being arriued, the graue Senators entertained him with such magnificence, as Lentulus perceiued his welcome by his honors. The board couered, and the company ready to sit, Lentulus was placed chiefe at the table, who all this while, hauing not sight of Terentia, sate as a man nipped on the head, although there were at the table, to grace the feast, many braue and beautifull damsels. Sitting thus in a dump, he was cheered vp by all the company: but at last, to set him in his iollity, Terentia was commanded by her father, to bring him in a cup of Greekish wine. She that little cared to be séene in open banquets, as holding it contrary to the rites of Vesta, durst not yet but with all diligence signifie her obedience. Therefore attired in a rich robe of white, spotted with stars of gold, temping the porphyry of her face with a vermilion blush, loking like Diana when shée bathd at Acteons presence, shée came into the hall, where humbly saluting all the company she deliuered the wine to her father. Lentulus séeing fame had but blemisht her fauors, in being to partial of her praises, sat so amazed at the beauteous excellency of Terentia, as did the Centaur enamored of Iuno. His eie made survey of her beauties, who posting thē ouer to the contēplation of his thoghts, sulset on fire his heart with her perfections, as his stomacke

shut

ſhut vp her orifice, to giue his eies leaue to wonder at the curious conceite of natures cunning: his lookes began to ſparkle loue, as did thoſe of Adon, when he pryed vpon the face of his paramour: the change of his colour bewrayed his new entertained paſſions: which noted by Terentia, halfe angry at loues folly, ſhée diſcouered her colour with ſuch a bluſh, as Lentulus letting fall his knife vpon his trencher, ſaid aloud, Non fortuna, Non Bellum, meaning that neither the higheſt ſtate of Fortune, nor the fatall euent of warre, could conquer that hart that her beauty hath made ſubiect. Terentia at this vnexpected exclamation abaſhed, and the reſt of the company maruailed: but Flaminius willing to moue ſome table talk, demanded of Lentulus what he meant by this ſudaine embleme. Lentulus willing to make ſlight at the fowle, and yet not to haue a bell at his héele, anſwered thus. Whileſt I lay in legar intrenching the Parthians, more hardie with legions of men, then with déepe raiſed countermures, my ſouldiers diſcouered a caſtle, which once wonne, diſplacing the ſtrength of the country, ſéeing the Romans had made me vicegerent of their forces, although the place ſéemed impregnable being as well defended by nature, ſituate vpon a mount, as by prowelle ſtored with men and munition, yet priſing honor more déere then bloud, and countries profite beyond the content of life, I bent certaine legions againſt the caſtle, and following the opinion of Quintus Fabius Maximus, ſought by delay to driue them to compoſition. For it was ſaid of him,

Vnus homo nobis cunctando reſtituit rem,
Non ponebat enim rumores ante ſalutem.
Ergo poſtq; magiſq; viri nunc gloria claret.

Séeking ſo to get conqueſt by famine, which would haue béene preiudiciall with the ſword, at laſt, ſéeing their forces greatly weakned, I gaue aſſault, and entred, putting the ſouldiers to the ſword, yet willing to ſaue the Lord of the caſtle, for that his valour diſcouered his thoughts, ſearching him out, I found him in his bed-chamber, his wife ſlaine,

and

and the blade yet varnished with bloud grasped in his fist, staring me in the face with a gastly loke, that stod amazed at the stratagem, hée spake thus. Romane report in the Senate hou , that where you excel vs in policie, we exceed you in resolution: this lady which thou sæst here weltring in her goze, is my wife; and for she brokes not second fancies, shée craued to end her loue with her life: I married her a virgin and honorable, she died a wife and honest, as famous in Parthia for her vertues as your Romane Dames for their bravaries. We lived without iarres, for that the desire of the one was the content of the other, constancy banished iealousie, and true loue held suspition at the lances point. Our fortunes (Romane) thou hast pulde downe with thy prowesse, warre hath made wracke of our safeties; but for our loues, this sword shall linke them together by death, so that non fortuna, non bellum. And with that the resolute Souldier stabbed himself. Astonied at this peremptory massacre, although all stained with the bloud of the Parthians: yet I could not but greiue at the passion of the man, & enter into consideration what that loue should be, that wrought in mens minds such resolute effects: so well liking of his determinate death, that I vowed in my thought, if euer I obtained the fauour of some gratious Damosell, to write bloud with the Parthian, *Non fortuna non bellum.* The remembrance (honorable senators) of this tragedy made me to shew my selfe so passionate. Lentulus hauing ended his discourse, the senators generally praised the resolution of the Parthian, & the Ladies the constancy of his wife, all concluding, that no impression could be so deepely inserted into the heart, as loue. Terentia, spying the flame by the smoke, smiled to sée how couertly Lentulus had cloaked his thoughts, & how, in vowing to be constant, he discouered his conceipt, so that turning her back shée went into her closet, & there blamed Venus, that had wrapt so braue a champion in her subtilties: not féeling, either ỹ personage, or perfections of Lentulus, to stirre the staied continency of her mind. Wel, the Senators not willing to let this fall to the ground, talking stil of the Parthian,

and amongst the rest of those honourable guests that were there feasted, Archias the Poet, a man of a pleasant disposition, toke the tale by the end, and beganne to prosecute it thus.

Graue Senators, I remember I haue heard Hortensius the great Orator say, that in times past, the Consuls for recreation, wold vse light and honest pastimes, especially mirth at meat, as the fittest minister for digestion, alleadging Scipio and Gracchus, who coueted to be as iocund at their banquets, as they were serious in matters of estate. Séeing then (Reuerent fathers) Lentulus hath entred into the discourse of loue, producing the Parthian, who amongst his other singularities, boasted, that his fancie had neuer bene stained with iealousie, a plague that is greatly now a dayes predominant in Rome, might it please you to fauour vs with your gracious consent, we would intreate Lentulus to discourse to vs, his opinion of iealousie. The Senatours granted, and Terentia being come to giue attendance on her father, smiled. Lentulus casting his eyes vpon his loue, séeing a dimple in her chéeke, which was to him *Cos amoris*, made Archias this present answere.

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SUch as haue searched into the dépest Aphorismes of Anacreon, or priedinto the principles that Ouid set downe in his Volumes, finde Loue to be such a pure passion of the mind, as, like the Crystall, it admitteth no bruise, without a crack: it groweth from the vnion of two minds, cóceiued by the special liking of some excellent good, consisting in exterior beauty, or interior vertues, or the combining of the both in on soule, & singular perfection. This choice of excellency confirmed by election, once imprinted in the heart, is so precious as the pearles of Cleopatra. The fléece of Colchos, the sands of Tagus are trash, if brought into compare with this diuine and metaphysicall passion: man hauing swilled in this nectar of Loue, is so chary that he not onely broketh no corrival of his thoughts, but admitteth no partaker of his fauors, and from this feare procéedeth that fury which men call iealousie, being secret suspition, that others should enioy that excellency, that he hath chosen sole

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and singular to himself. This (noble Romans) is that fiend that Pluto sent to checke Cupid in his deity: this springing from hell, bringeth worse torments to the mind then the stone of Syfiphus, vulture of Titius, or wheele of Ixion. This is the canker that fretteth the quiet of the thoughts, the moth that secretly consumeth the life of man, and the poyson specially opposed against the perfection of loue: after the heart is once infected with iealousie, the sleeps are broken: the dreames, disquiet slumbers: the thoughts, cares & sorrowes: the life, woe and misery: that liuing, he dies: and dying, prolongs out his life in passions worse then death. None loketh on his loue but suspition saies, this is he that couets to be corriuall of my fauors: None knocks at his doore, but starting vp, he thinks them messengers of fancy; none talks but they whisper of affection: if she frowne, she hates him, and loues others; if shee smile, it is because shee hath had successe in her loues: loke she frowardle on any man, she dissembles: if she fauors him with a gracious eye then as a man straught with frensie, he crieth out, that neither fire in the straw nor loue in womens lokes can bee concealed; thus doth he liue restles, and maketh loue, that of it selfe is sweet, to be in taste as bitter as gall.

This discouers (reuerent Senators) that loue being of it selfe, a most excellent passion, is onely blemisht by this foule & disgraced staine of iealousie, as hatefull and hurtefull to the minde, as a Cockatrice to the eye, or hemlocke to the taste. The purest Chrysolite hath his strakes, the flowers in Sydon, as they are precious to the sight, so they are pestilent in sauour: Loue as it is diuine with loyalty, so it is hellish with iealousie, wherefore by an ancient Poet were written these verses.

When Gods had fram'd the sweet of womens face,
And lockt mens lookes within their golden haire:
That Phœbus blusht to see their matchles grace,
And heauenly Gods on earth did make repaire:
To quippe faire *Venus* ouerweening pride,
Loues happie thoughts to iealousie were tide.

Then

Then grew a wrinkle on faire *Venus* browe,
The amber ſweet of loue is turn'd to gall:
Gloomie was heauen: bright Phœbus did avowe
He could be coy and would not loue at all:
Swearing, no greater miſchiefe could be wrought
Then loue vnited to a iealous thought.

Had not Iuno bene iealous ouer Iupiter, Io had not been turned into a Heifer: if ſuſpition had not prickt Menelaus, Helena had not ſtolne away with Paris. Procris had béene aliue, had ſhée not ſuſpected Cephalus: Then worthy Romanes we ſée what a prciudiciall monſter groweth from ỹ fearefull exceſſe of loue, that ſhortneth not onely the life, diſquieteth the mind, but oft is the cauſe of moſt ſtrange and vnnaturall maſſacres. If fortune frowne in loue, we flie to patiẽce: If there happen iarres, why louers brawles are introductions to delight. If pouerty, why they hope vpon time, thinking that there is *Viciſſitudo omnium rerum* the loweſt ebbe may haue his flow, and the deadeſt neape his full tide: if griefs, ſorrowes, repulſes, vnkindnes, theſe bée but *Amantium iræ*, And therefore *Amoris redintegratio*: but as the pumice ſtone frèeth the paper from ſpots, and the fire conſumeth flare: ſo this infernall plague of iealouſy roteth and raceth all true loue from the heart, that yéelding my cenſure, I conclude with this Poeme.

Vita qua tandem magis eſt iucunda,
Vel viris doctis magis expetenda,
Mente quàm pura ſociam ingalem
Semper amare?

Vita qua tandem magis eſt dolenda,
Vel magis cunctis fugienda, quàm quæ
(Falsò ſuſpecta probitate amica)
Tollit amorem?

Nulla eam tollit medicina peſtem,
Murmura, emplaſtrum vel imago ſaga,
Aſtra nec curant, magicæ nec artes,
Zelotypiam.

Archias hauing thus ended his diſcourſe, the Senators greatly prailed his deſcription of iealouſy, and from that fel to other pleaſant talk as occaſion offred. Till dinner being done, they aroſe, & after many thanks & curteſies, according to the cuſtome of the Romans, Flaminius to honor Lentulus the more, taking him by the hand carried him into a gardē, where Terentia ſate accompanied with other Virgins of Rome: Namely Flauia, Cornelia, and Iulia, all of ſuch exquiſite features, as they ſeemed to be the choice Paragons of that time. Lentulus amazed at this gorgeous ſight wondred not onely at their beauties, but maruelled why Flaminius brought him ſo friendly into their preſence. At laſt, the old man burſt forth into theſe words: Lord Lentulus, I meaſure the thoughts of yong Gentlemen, by the prime of my forepaſſed youth, not being ſo cynicall as with Chremes in Terence, to proportion yong affections, by the cynders of old age. but to thinke with Menedemus, that the ſpring hath flowers and bloſſomes, whereas Winter hath dried branches, and tawny leaues. We old men, ouer whom Saturnus is predominant hauing infuſed Melancholy in our minds, couet, either to ſit ſolitary, or that our talke be ſerious: you that are young, whoſe thoughts aime at delights, ſeeke to paſſe the time in pleaſant diſcourſes. Leaſt therefore the time might be tedious, I haue brought you amongſt theſe faire Ladies, that you may make experience of loues, as you haue done of warres: Mars no ſooner puts off his helmet, but he ſalutes Venus: and you come from conqueſt of the Parthians, ſee how you can enter combat with paſſions: and ſo Lord Lentulus I leaue you.

Lentulus ſeeing himſelfe thus inuironed with theſe miracles of beauty, caſting his eyes vpon the goddeſſe, whoſe fauourable aſpect might be the ſumme of his fortune, bashed at the firſt, as Paris did in the vale of Ida, and ſtood as the

foes

foes of Perseus when he vncased the head of Medusa, & turned them to marble pictures, so amazed stood Lentulus at ỹ sight of such diuine excellencie, till the Ladies seing this Nouice thus in a quandarie, began to smile, which reuiuing a kind of amorous choler, in the Souldiers mind, he began thus to play the Champion.

Ladies, beleue me, Loue is of more force then warres, and the lookes of women pierce deeper then stroke of launces there is no curtlear so keene, but armour of high proofe can withstand: but beauties arrowes are so sharp, and the darts that flie from womens eyes, so piercing, as the Corslet tempered by Vulcan, for Didoes paramour, holds not out the violence of their stroake. The gods tremble when Mars shaketh his Launce, but he feareth when Venus casteth a frowne. Alexander neuer tooke notice of the legions of his enemies, but hee stood frighted at the beauty of the Amazon. Then sweet saints of Rome, maruel not if I were driuen into a maze at the sight of such beautious creatures whose faces are Venus weapõs, where with she checketh ỹ pride of our daring warriours: I cannot (Ladies) court it as your Romane youngsters, that tye their wits to their fancies: nor fill your ears with amorous discourses, as Cupids Apprentices, that spend their time in such louing philosophy: Nor can I faine conceited suppposes of affection, to proue my selfe loue sicke by Poetry. But as a blunt Souldier new come from the warres, I offer my selfe a deuout seruant to your beauties, swearing to defend your honours against allmen with the hazard of my bloud, and in pawne thereof generally to you all, but especially to one (as loue hath his vnitie) I desire to be entertained as a dutifull seruant to the Lady Terentia. Lentulus hauing thus boldly bonded these louely Virgins, the Ladies seing with what affection hee offered his seruice to Terentia, began to bite the lip & she to blush who seing her selfe toucht to the quick, made him this answere.

I know not (Lord Lentulus) how to answere of loue, because as yet I neuer knew loue: ignorant of his forces, because neuer acquainted with his fortunes. Vesta forbids vs

Virgins

Virgines to name Venus, as they of Ephesus hatefull Erostratus. Diana deales not in Paphos, nor suffers shée any of her maidens to hunt on Erecynus: lest méeting with Venus mecocks, they skip with Calisto, and so séeke after losse. The lesse you are priuate to loues passions, the more welcome to our presence: for rather had we fill our eares with warres fortunes, then with loues follies: & sweeter are the teares that grow from a constant stratageme, then a smile from a comike tale of fancie. For your seruice (Lord Lentulus) finding my selfe vnworthy, I craue pardon: Nor can we by Vestaes charter admit such seruants. But if it please you to bée accepted as a worthy Romane, and my fathers friend, looke for such fauour as mine honour and virginity can afford.

Lentulus hearing the plausible answere of Terentia, although her first insinuation séemed to answere for her purpose, as preferring the lawes of Diana, & fires of Vesta, before loues holy temples, yet shée concluded so swéetly as might stand with the modesty of her honour: hée therefore made thus his reply.

In that Madame we are both nouices in loue & simpler are our thoughts, and the nérer should be the simpathy of our affections. Doues match when they are yong. Syens are grafted when they are sprigs, the one part not but by death, nor are the other seuered but they perish. Souldiers are like virgins, the one striuing to liue vertuous, the other die valiãt: both enemies to loue, while they waite on those which broke not loue, I meane warre and Vesta: but both must loue, as hauing harts, and thoughts, eyes to sée beautie, eares to iudge of vertues. I Madame while I thought none greater then Mars, was vowed to Mars, but séeing womens wits are worse then weapons, that theire lookes pierce déper then lances, I haue resigned ouer my fortunes at the shrine of warre, & meane to make proofe of the sweetnes of loue: glad that in my first entrance I haue the patronage of your gracious fauour, armed with the which Mars well may frowne, but not conquer. But sir quoth Terentia, I granted my fauour to Lentulus the souldier, not to

Lentulus

Lentulus the louer. And so Madame quoth he, accept of it for I am a souldier to doe you honour, and a louer despite of my selfe. Flauia, hearing Lentulus, began to reason prettily to the purpose, beeing a lady of passing merrie disposition, whose witte was as full of wiles, as her face of fauor, second in the excellency of beauty to the Lady Terentia, thought to sift her souldier in this maner.

I see well Lord Lentulus, that as Women haue their fauours, so men haue their sayings: the one prodigall in graces, the other politike in deceits, beeing as cunning to dissemble loue, as we chary to discharge loue. We Romane Ladyes thought to haue found you a flat souldier, as ignorant in loues, as we of fancies: but how closely soeuer you couer the flame, the fire will be knowne by the smoake: for your talke so sauours of Loues principles, as we iudge you are as cunning in fayning a passion, as in figuring a battell, & can as soone deceiue a woman with a pen, as slaughter an enemy with a launce. This will make vs to take you for a dayfriend, & what we like in you present, to disallow to morrow, swearing if you bring amongst vs Venus roses, we wil beate you with Vestaes nettles: and therefore if you will be admitted as our souldier, we either forbid you the name of loue, or else you shall be out of our fauors. Cornelia willing to breake a iest with the Champion, thwarted Flauia thus. And what of that Madame hath not warre taught him patience: hee hath past sharper brunts then womens frownes. But now your leuell is without aime; If Madame Terentia smile, his peny is good siluer, tis her fauour that is the loadstar of his fortunes, & how can we enter into her thoughts but by coniectures: the full of beautie, and he a proper yong gentleman. At this frump ỹ Ladies smiled, & Terentia blusht for anger. But Lentulus seeing such a broad iest pind on his shoulder, willing to make answere for his Mistresse, although he was sore put to his trumps, as halfe set at a Non plus, yet he followed his fortunes thus.

Indeede ladies thinke I haue patience to beare womens frumps, that hath encountred an enemies blow; but if I

could as well answere ỹ one, as quit the other, you should neither carrie it to hell, nor to heauen. But to reuenge my selfe as well as I can, thus. First Madame, to cleare my cunning in loue, I refer my selfe to the verdict of your owne conscience: who, were you but as fauourable as you are frowish, would sone censure by my talke, how deepe I am read in loues principles: but women speake by contraries, crying like the lapwing farthest from their nests, & so I take it being chekt for ouermuch loue, when you see I am a nouice in loue. Or perhaps madam Flauia, you would haue mee loue, if it bee so, I will become more studious to satisfie your wish: but you calling mee a day friend, that peremptory punishment were passing sharp, for one fault to shake me out of seruice, were it not that for so deepe a wound the Lady Cornelia bringeth in a lenitiue plaister, alleadging my securitie if I be armed with Terentias fauour. Blame me not sweete goddesse, if I aime at the fairest, souldiers haue eyes to iudge of beautie, though they haue not weapons to winne beautie, and eares to deeme of perfectiõs, though they want tongues to discouer passions. The harmonie of loue, I haue heard them say, consists in vnities, and nothing more preiudiciall to fancy then pluralitie, either of thoughts or of persons. Among many then am I charged but to like of one Mistris: If I make choise of Terentia, and shee vouch to grace mee with her fauour, Cornelia concludes truely, that armes with the imagination of her beautie, I thinke my selfe able to bowe your frumps, and to withstand the hardy resolution of Mars.

I maruaile then quoth Flauia, halfe in choler (if womens beautie be like Delphicus gladius, of high prowse to defend, and of sharp edge to offend) why the Senators chose not out legions of Ladies, that with little cost and great assurance, they may make conquest of the world: but perhaps all souldiers bee not of your temper, for they vse their weapons, and you your lookes.

No Madame quoth Lentulus, that is not the cause, for were it not that euery woman would be a Captaine and

driue

striue for supremacy, they had resolued vpon this long ago, but fearing a mutiny amongst themselues for superiority, sith euery one at home will be counted most wise, and most beautifull, though their wits be meane, and fauours lesse, the Senate are glad to foresee such an inconuenience. The Ladies hearing how cunningly Lentulus had gald Madam Flauia on her right side, began all to smile, and shee after a blush for very anger, began to laugh. Lentulus glad that he had giuen her a sop of the same sawce, and paid her her debt in her owne coine: Calling to his boy to fetch him a Lute, willing to shew his Mistresse hee was not ignorant in Musicke, said he would proue the force of beauty by a Sonnet which hee heard was made by Orpheus when hee fell first into loue with Euridice: tuning therefore his Lute to his voice, he sung this ditty.

Mars in a fury gainst loues brightest Queene,
Put one his helme, and tooke him to his launce:
On Erecynus mount was Mauours seene,
And there his ensignes did the god aduance;
And by heauens greatest gates he stowtly swore,
Venus should die, for she had wrongd him sore.

Cupid heard this, and he began to cry,
And wisht his mothers absence for a while:
Peace foole quoth Venus, is it I must die?
Must it be Mars? with that she coynd a smile:
She trimd her tresses, and did curle her haire,
And made her face with beauty passing faire.

A Fanne of siluer feathers in her hand,
And in a Coach of Ebony she went:
She past the place where furious Mars did stand,
And out her lookes a louely smile she sent.
Then from her browes lept out so sharpe a frowne,
That Mars for feare threw all his armour downe.

He vowd repentance for his rash misdeede,
Blaming his choler that had caus'd his woe:
Venus grew gracious, and with him agreed,
But charg'd him not to threaten beauty so:
For womens lookes are such inchanting charmes
As can subdue the greatest God in armes.

Lentulus hauing sung this ditty, Terentia willing a little to shew her wit, began thus. I remember Lord Lẽtulus I haue heard my father say, that souldiers were wont to carry fauours in their helmes, not fancies in their heart: & make choise of their mistris to incourage their thoughts, not to inchant their affections. But I see the ancient honor of the Romanes is slipt from prowesse to passions, and the men couet to be counted rather amorous woers, then hardy warriors: gasing Mars in the face with bright Armour, but offering Orisons to Venus in secret conceites. This did not Quintus Lentulus Cincinnatus, who let it downe as Crimen capitale to speake of loue in the army. Nor Scipio Affricanus the great, who made lawes that no women should be brought prisoners within the Campe, lest loue entring pell mell with warre, might hazard the hautinesse of their honors. And yet Madam quoth Lentulus, Cincinnatus had a wife, & Scipio was maried. But quoth shé, it was in their age rather chosen for succours, thẽ amorous passions: their youth was wholy spent in wars as enemies to loues, counting fancy as a dishonor to their martiall dignities: rightly indéed with a déep insight entring into the enormities that grew from following too precisely the court of Venus. For beléeue me (gentleman) Poets and Painters erre much that ascribe a deity to Cupid, & were worthy to beare some grieuous punishmẽt for such a new inuẽted heresy, which I shall approue with a sonet that one of Dianes nymphes made, when Iupiter had faulted with Calipso. And so Terentia taking the Lute in her hand, beganne to warble this roundelay.

Fond

Fond faining Poets makes of loue a god,
And leaue the Lawrell for the mirtle boughs:
When Cupid is a child not past the rod,
And faire Diana Daphnis most allowes.
Ile weare the baies and call the wag a boy,
And thinke of loue but as a foolish toy.

Some giue him bow and quiuer at his backe,
Some make him blind to aime without aduice:
When naked wretch such feathred bolts he lackes,
And sight he hath, but cannot wrong the wise.
For vse but labours, weapons for defence,
And Cupid like a coward flyeth thence.

He is God in Court, but cottage cals him childe,
And Vestaes virgins with their holy fires
Doe cleanse the thoughts that fancy hath defilde,
And burne the Pallace of his fond desires.
With chast disdaine they scorne the foolish God;
And prooue him but a boy not past the rod.

Terentia hauing ended her roundelay, as Lentulus was ready to reply, Flaminius came into the Garden with the rest of the Senators, whose graue presence brake off their amorous prattle, so that he leauing the Ladies taking his leaue friendly of thē all, but especially with a pittiful glancing loke of Terentia, as craning some fauor for his farewell, he went to the Senators, amongst whom he discoursed long of the manner and custom of the Parthians, of their resolution in wars, & of such serious matters concerning martiall discipline. Passing thus away part of the afternoone, the company at last taking their leaues, yelding great thanks to Flaminius for their good chere, they parted to their seuerall mansions. Lentulus slipping from the rest of the company, with a gracious courage toke his adue of Terētia and the other of the Ladies, vowing to be theirs euer in any due honourable seruice, & so strayning Terentia by the hand, went home with Titus Annius Milo: where

hee found Marcus Tullius Cicero, then a youth in Rome about the age of twenty yeeres, and very priuate and familiar with Milo. The fame of this Tullies surpalling Eloquence was sobruted abroad in Rome, as they counted him the myrror of that time; and as in Greece they wondred at Demosthenes for his orations, the popular people fed their eies with his sight, so as Tully past through the stréets they cryed out, Hic est ille Cicero, saying, that as Orpheus with his Musicke made the stones and trées pliant to his melody, so Tully tied the peoples eares to his tongue by his eloquence: And that Plato, who for his Philosophicall sentences, was called diuine, in whose lips bées rested, as presaging his future excellency, was inferior to Tully in his musical concord of his phrase. Lentulus noting his perfections, although his Parentage was base; yet thinking his eloquence might be profitable to his loues, grew to be very familiar with Tully, insomuch, that of vnacquainted Citizens, they grew to be déere and priuate friends, that their thoughts were vnited with a sure league of amity, & their hearts were receptacles for their mutuall passions, so that their most secret affaires were frankly participated without any doubting suspition. But leauing their familiarity, conuersing in Miloes house: Let vs Gentlemen sée how Terentia brookt his departure. Cornelius Nepos forgets it in Tullies life, but if you will beléeue mée, it was thus.

No sooner were the Senatours and Lentulus departed from Flaminius house, but Flauia and the rest of the Ladies toke leaue of Terentia, who being solitary by her selfe sitting alone in an arbour of roses, began to ruminate on the Idæa of Lentulus perfection, and to call to mind his seuerall and singular qualities, his parentage, his person, honors & his great possessions, but all in vaine. Loues poison was preuented with an Antidote, and her thoughts sealed vp with an inuincible chastity. For after shee had long sate, at last with a smile she burst forth into these tearmes.

If Venus could not infuse more dismall aspects in other Ladies thoughts, then into my minde, they should neither hold her as a Goddesse, nor honour her temples with presents

sents: Fond are those women that are inquisitiue after Astrologers, whether Venus bée retrograde, or combust in their natiuities. Had they but tasted the swéete sauours of Vestaes incense, they would abandone her as a planet careless in their natiuities, & not trouble the Augurs or Aruspices, to censure of their fatall or fortunate fancies. For had they but insight into the swéete life of Virgins, how secure they liue, if they line vertuous, they would neuer intangle themselues with the inconstant snares of fancie. Vesta allowes vs frée thoughts, Venus disquiet passions: at her Altars wé haue swéete sléeps, in the others pallace broken slumbers. Diana countervailes our labours with myrth & quiet: in Cypres wé find toyle mingled with care and sorrowes. Being Virgins wé haue libertie, maried wé tye our selues to the variable disposition of a husband, who be he neuer so excellent in perfectiõ, or exquisit in proportion, wé shall find sufficient whereof to gather dislike. Then Terentia, let Lentulus passe with his honours hé hath subdued. What though Alexander wonne the whole world: his glories are but fortunes fauours. Account him then as thou promisedst, thy fathers friend & thine as far as he treates not of wedding: and with this vpon a sodaine shé start vp, and went to passe away the time amongst companie, holding Cupids deity at disdaine, and accounting of loue, as the Samnites did of gold, which they sent as presents to their enemies, but banisht from their owne common wealth. But Flauia poore Lady, was not pierced with so easie a passion, for shé hauing more deeply imprinted in her thoughts, his honours & vertues, and measuring the man by the heigth of his fortunes, fell into these bitter complaints.

With what little proportion doth iniurious loue bestow his fauours: With how smalle regard doth blind fortune powre out her treasurs: making in all their actions, contrarieties, that so they may triumph in inconstancie: loue hath brought Lentulus from the warres to Rome, onely to sée Terentia, Fortune hath brought Flauia to the house of Flaminius only to loue Lentulus, the little regardeth him, he lightly

lightly respecting me. Thus hath the contrariety of Loue and Fortune made Lentulus vnhappy, & me without hope. Ah but Terentia, though she séeme too coy, at the first, will be more curteous at the last, when she hath had but a moneths meditation on the excellency of Lentulus. Then oh, then sigh Flauia, and say, oh then will Terentia not reiect so honorable a personage, when she considers his youth, his beautie, his parentage, his dignities. Lentulus no sooner shal woe, but she shall be wonne. This is the coniecture of her hap, and the despaire of my hope. And yet it may be that ỹ destinies haue appointed their disagrée. For starres are sticklers in loue, & fates are principall fauters of wedlocke. If my prayers may serue to Venus: if my incence to Cupid: if my vowes to Lucina: if my sute to Ioue, let their loue perish in the bud, and wither in the blossome. Had I Medeas magick, the drugs of Calipso, the inchantments of Circes, the skill of Hecate, all these should be imployed to breake the loue of Terentia and Lentulus. Fond Flauia, to be so franticke in thy passions: suppose Terentia hated Lentulus, can this conclude, he will loue thée: No, his thoughts are setled, his rest is set downe, his vowes made, his fancy fixed, & all vpon that beautifull Terentia: I, there Flauia, that is the word that galleth, to the beautifull Terentia: for of such surpassing beauty is the lady, that as Cynthia brookes no compare with her glorious brother: so thou must not enter comparison with the daughter of ỹ Senator Flaminius. But what is this to Lentulus: if she be faire, yea as faire as euer was Sulpitia: if she be as coy, & disdainefull as Cælia, had he not better loue homely Flauia, who will counteruaile with loue, what she wants in beauty: & proportion out in duetie, what shee defects in dignitie. But what of this, loue admits no exceptions, he cannot mislik ought in Terentia. Doe not present examples, yea instances executed in Rome auer so much; is not Anthonio enamoured of the black Egiptian Cleopatra: doth not Cæsar enuy him in his loues, & coucts to be corriuall of his fancies: affectiõ is oft blind & demeth not rightly. The blackest Coon is brighter then the whitest Iuory: & Venus thought Vulcan at the first a proper

a proper stripling. Were Terentia neuer so coy, Lentulus will count her disdaine but chastity: yet Flauia pray then she may liue in this mislike, then hast thou yet some cause to hope, otherwise weepe thy fill, despaire, and then dy; for sweeter is death, then to liue and see Lentulus enioy the loue of Terentia. Hauing at this period breathed a while, ready to go forward in passions, one of her waiting women came in, who breaking off her complaints past away the rest of the day in prattle. Leauing her therefore and her maide at chat, againe to Lentulus, who toke such inward griefe at this new conceited loue that his colour began to ware pale, and to discouer passions, his sighes many and often to bewray his sorrowes, his suddaine starts in his sleepes, and his musings surcharged with melancholy. These noted by Tully, his priuate friend, made him coniecture that somewhat was amisse with Lentulus. Hauing therefore fit opportunity, hee began to sift him in this manner.

The ancient Grecians (sweet Lentulus) that set downe principles of friendship, account the secret conuersing of friends, and their mutuall participating, either of priuat sorrowes, or concealed pleasures, the principall end of such professed amitie. Therefore did Theseus chose Perithous, Orestes Pylades; and to that end, or elle you wrong me, serues Tully to his Lentulus. If then it be requisite in friendship to abandon suspitious secrecy, I cannot but take it vnkindly, that Tully is not made partaker of Lentulus passions. For as the Carbuncle is not hid in the darke, nor the fire shut vp in strawe, so sorrowes cannot so couertly be concealed, but the countenance will pourtray out the cause by the effects. Thinke me not then so blind, but I can iudge of colors, nor so simple, but I can deeme of affections: what meane these farre fetch sighes, broken slumbers, this new delight to be solitarie, but that Lentulus feeling a passion that piercth to the quick, yet seekes to keepe it secret from his friend Tully? know this my good Lentulus that smoake depressed, stifleth more deadly: That the Ouen, the closer it is damd vp, the greater is the heate: and passions, the more priuate, the more preiudiciall. Stop not then the streame, least it ouer-

lowe. Conceale not sorrowes, least they ouercharge, and prowe like woundes, that kept long from the Chirurgian, grow to be incurable vlcers: If it be a fathers frowne, an enemies wrong, a friends mishap, reueale it, and seeke remedy. If Lentulus griefs haue left his honors in Parthia, feare not, Rome will haue more warres, and Lentulus new dignities. If the Senators haue dealt ingratfully: *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*. The most famous Romans haue sorerun thē in such hard fortunes. Scipio subdued Affrica, what his reward was, let our annals report. If Lentulus mislikes ought in Rome, let him abandon Rome, and Tully wil banish himselfe from his country to go with his friend Lentulus. If since thy comming into this storehouse of natures prodigality, thine eye hath made survey of any gorgeous Damsell, and so (my Lentulus) be in loue, although wisedome willes to hide amors euen from amity, and to tie fancie in the lowest Cell of the heart, yet reueale it to thy friend Tully, and if any way he may ease his Lentulus passions, hee vowes to salue thy sore, though with the hazard of his owne safetie. Lentulus hearing his friend leuell so neere the marke, gaue a great grone at the name of loue: and fetching a deepe sigh said, *Ætna grauius Amor*. And with that, starting from the place where hee sat, taking Tully by the hand, beganithus.

Were it (my Tully) that my passions had any hope of remedy, or that my wound were such as might be cured by counsell, long ere this had Lentulus powred his plaints into the bosome of his friend Cicero: but my sorrowes, as they are piercing, so I haue kept them priuate, as hoping for no ease, and yet delighting in my martyrdome. The bird flyeth the snare of the Fowler, No sooner doth the woodman bend his bow, but the Deere trips through the lawnes: euery creature is taught by nature to feare his fall: e yet wretched Lentulus hunteth after his owne mishap. So haue I described the fury of my passions, as I cannot but say, it is loue that is thus impatient. Loue (my Tully) that is such a Lord, as insinuating his power with fauor, he keps possession by force. Wars haue their ends, either honors or death,

and

and in battaile, prowesse oft makes constraint of Fortune: but in loue, Delay is the vnhappy death'sman, that holding thée vp, neither sanes nor kils. Since my comming to Rome (my Tully) coueting to conuerse with beautifyll Ladies as before I had done with martiall souldiers, amongst many curious Pearles, I found out one orient Margarite richer then those which Cæsar brought from the Westerne shores of Europe: so long I gazed at the beauty of this pretious Iem, that I found my selfe glad with such affection, as wel repeate I might, but recall I could not: and for thou shalt say thée is loue worthy, heare how in describing her excellency I haue plaid the Poet.

Lentulus description of Terentia in Latine.

Qualis in aurora splendescit lumine Titan,
Talis in eximio corpore forma fuit:
Lumina seu spectes radiantia, siue capillos,
Lux Ariadne tua & lux tua Phœbe iacet.
Venustas fuit in verbis, spirabat odorem,
Musica vox, nardus spiritus almus erat:
Rubea labra, genæ rubræ, faciesque decora,
In qua concertant lilius atque rosa.
Luxuriant gemina formoso in pectore mammæ,
Circundant niueæ candida colla comæ:
Denique talis erat diuina Terentia, quales
Quondam certantes, Iuno, Minerua, Venus.

Thus in English.

BRightsome Apollo in his richest pompe,
Was not like to the trammels of her haire:
Her eyes-like Ariadnes sparkling starres,
Shone from the Ebon Arches of her browes.
Her face was like the blushing of the East,
When Titan chargde the morning Sunne to rise:
Her cheekes rich, strew'd with roses and with white,
Did staine the glory of Anchises loue.

Her siluer teates did ebbe and flow delight,
Her necke columnes of polisht Iuory.
Her breath was perfumes made of violets,
And all this heauen was but Terentia.

NO sooner had Lentulus ended his well written Poeme, and concluded his cunning with the name of his Mistrisse, but Tully hearing Terentia was the Saint at whose shrine Lentulus offred vp his deuotion, entring his *Exordium* with a smile, he began to be thus pleasant.

And is there no fruit wil serue your taste but such as grow in the gardens of Hesperides? nor no color content your eye, but such as is stained by the fish Murex? Must your senses be fed with nothing but that is excellent, nor your loue haue no meane but to aime at the fayrest? What, Terentia? the beauty of Rome? the pride of nature? the wealth of all the fauouring graces, whose excellencies are spred through the triple deuisiõ of the world? I see (my Lentulus) soldiers haue eies, and that how bluntly soeuer brought vp in the warres yet they are curious in the choises of their loues. Well, be it, Lentulus loues Terentia, an honour to set his fancy on her: but he kept his loue secret from Tully, a fault to be suspicious of his friend. But why grieues Lentulus? Is not his parentage greater then the house of Flaminius? Is not his honours sufficient to counteruaile her beauties? Why then is he so impatient in so agreeable a passion? Lentulus vpon this discoursed vnto Tully, from point to point, the successe of his loues, how he gaue his charge ouer to Lepidus, onely that he might haue a sight of Terentia, and then recounting what prattle had past betweene him and her after dinner, her coy answeres, and firme resolution to remaine chast, craning counsell how hee might ease the disquiet of his thoughts. Tully pitying the extreme passion of his friende deuised sundry meanes how to make him Lord of his desires. But after the discourse of sundry plots, it was decreed, that Lentulus should write to Terentia. Lentulus despairing of his owne stile and methode required Tully to write him

a letter passionate, and full of familiar eloquence, which at his request, Cicero contriued after this manner: where by the way (Gentlemen) I am to craue you to thinke, that Terentia kept the copie secret, so that neither it can be found amongst Lentulus lose papers, nor the familiar Epistles of Cicero. If the phrase differ from his other excellent forme of writing, imagine he sought to couer his stile, and in his pen rather to play the blunt souldier, then the curious Orator, neither vsing those *Verborum Fulmina*, that Papirius obiects, nor that sweet and musicall cadence of words, which hee vseth to Atticus, but howsoeuer, or whatsoeuer, thus it was.

Lentulus Terentiæ salutem.

QVod natura in venustatis & formæ tuæ Idæa formauit (suauissima Terentia) nullo modo silentio præterire possum. Ne cum nimis cautus amoris ignem celare conarer, incautus tanquam Ætna meipsum consumens, in cineres redigar. Cum inter Parthos versarer, nihil nisi bellum & arma cogitans, à Roma vsque formæ tuæ pulchritudo, morumque integritas à multis sæpe nunciata est. Cuius rei fama ea incunditate aures permulsit, vt (Syrenum quasi cantu delectatus,) arma abijcere, & amorem cogitare cœperim, meque totum in Terentiæ potestatem tradere non erubescerem. Diuina autem excellentia tua cogitatio, eos mihi pro tempore in bellicis negotijs addidit animos, vt breui deuictis & profligatis Parthis, totam hanc prouinciam Lepido commiserim, quem vnum tum honoris, tum fortunæ meæ participem feci, Parthisque relictis Romam ad te contuli, vt incundissimo fructu tuæ aspectus, tum consuetudinis tuæ frui liceat. Formæ verò et pulchritudinis tuæ dignitas, tanta tamque excellens fuit, vt non modo famam, sed expectationem meam longè superarit. Vnde exquisitam tuam perfectionem oculis contemplans, & singulares animi dotes auribus accipiens, excellentia tua Idæam in imo pectore collocaui, meq; totum amori, quasi constringendum tradidi. Cum igitur tua vnius causa (suauissima Terentia) famam fortunasque & arma proiecerim, verum amantis officium facprestes, & me non meritis, sed amore facmetiaris, vt iam ore tu mihi respondens ego in omni officio tibi satisfaciam. Taceo genus & pa-

rentes, quas tamen bonos cines & Senatores fuisse constat; taces triumphos, qui quales fuerint Capitolium populusq; Romanus locupletissimi sunt testes: de diuitijs non glorior, quas tamen mediocres esse constat, sed virtutis vim & amoris constantiam tibi propono, quæ nec parui facienda, nec ingratitudine compensanda sunt. Me igitur fac redames (mea Terentia) & pulchritudini comitatem coniungens parentibus gaudio, amicis vtilitati, & Lentulo voluptati esse possis. Non disertè vt Orator, sed peramanter vt imperator tibi scribo: quod si amicis fidem, Lentulo amorem tribuas, vt parentibus gaudia; amori nostro consentire digneris: de patris voluntate nihil est quod dubites: sed si aliena amore, non nostro delecteris, dolores meos & angebo, & celabo, & quamcunq; in partem te flexeris tibi tum vitam tranquillam, tum mortem gloriosam vt fidelissimus amator exoptabo Vale, plus oculis mihi dilecta Terentia, & me tui desiderio iampenè languentem, aut amues citò, aut oderis semper, vale, & rescribe.

Lentulus to Terentia health.

I Cannot (swéet soueraigne of my thoughts, and chief mirror of our Romane excellency) smother that with silence which nature hath figured in the portraiture of my lookes, vnlesse kéeping the flame to secret, I should like Ætna cõsume to cinders. When seated amongst the Parthians, hauing nothing in my thoughts, but warres and strategems, thy beauty was repeated as speciall newes from Rome, amongst the Legions, the melody séemed so pleasing to my eares, as if the musicke of the Syrens had inchaunted my senses. I ceased from warres, to thinke of Loue, and from loue to doate on the conceit of Terentia. The thoughts of thy excellency doubled such courage in my attempts, that I conquered the Parthians, yéelding vp my charge to Lepidus, made him partaker of my honors, and fortunes, & came to Rome, onely to sée Terentia, whose sight was so beauteous, and so farre beyond the report of fame, that mine eyes surueying exquisitely thy perfections, and mine eares censuring of thy wit & vertues, both in league conspired to prefer the Idea of thy selfe to the contemplation of my heart, which

gré-

gredily entertaining such rare beauties, hath euer since remained a poore distressed captiue. Sith then Terentia, thy Lentulus hath left his fortunes to follow fancy, and hath forsaken the wars to winne thy loues, holding thée more déere then country honour: shew thy selfe a Romane Lady, that striuing in mind to be matchlesse, thou maiest be more prodigall in fauours, then I worthy in deserts, and yéld mee such méede for my loue, as Lentulus for his loyalty doth merite. I boast not of my parents, they are citizens, and of the Senate with thy Father. I speake not of mine honors, the Capitoll can witnes what showts passed from the Romans as victors: what teares from the Parthians as banquished: both these passions growing from the fortunes of Lentulus. My reuenewes are such as satisfie my desires. But al these are externall fauours, which though I rehearse, yet I brag not of. But the constancy of my loue, and the loyalty of my thoughts, these (Terentia) are gifts of the minde, deserning no light ellème, much lesse to be requited with ingratitude. Consider then (swéet goddesse) the sincerity of mine affections, weigh how Lentulus loues, and so vse him in loue, measure his fortunes by his fancies. As thou art beautifull, so vse iustice, giue euery one his due: honors to the gods, reuerence to thy father, faith to thy friend, and loue to Lentulus, and if it please thée to grace me with the title of thy husband Lentulus: for I couet to like honestly not to loue wantonly. I write (Terentia) as a souldier without eloquence, and as a louer, without flattery, if thou satisfie my loue with thy fauours, I doubt not to seale vp thy content with thy fathers and friends agrée. If either thou art tyed to former loues or mislike of mine, I will close vp my sorrowes with silence. Howsoeuer it shall please thée to returne answere: liue with content, and die with honour.

Terentias new entertained souldier
Publius Cornelius Lentulus.

If (gentlemen) I haue not translated Lentulus letter *verbatim* word for word, let me in mine owne excuse yéld these reasons,

reasons. that neither the familiar phrase of the Romans, can broke our harsh cadence of sentences, nor durst I attempt to weest Tullies eloquence to my rude and barbarous English, fearing, either to wrong so worthy an Orator, in displacing, or rather disgracing his phrase: or in too far presuming, purchase your frowne, which I haue euer in all duty sought to auoide. But howsoeuer my translation seemes rested, I haue kept this. And so to Lentulus, who hearing Tully read the epistle, both conceited the methode, and allowed of the manner: Onely carefull where to get a fit and conuenient messenger. Tully at last called to remembrance one Eutrapelus, an especiall friend of his, who frequented the house of Flaminius: by him did Lentulus send the Letter, and liuing in hope of a happy answere, hee left Tully in his study, and went to the Capitoll. Cicero no sooner was by himselfe, but calling to mind the description of Terentia set out with such excellency by Lentulus in his new learned poetry, & weighing how all Rome wondred at her beauties, began to feele certaine sparkes of loue kindled in his young desires, which made him blush at his owne thoughts. and smile that fancy should lie lurking amongst his librarie, to take him at discouer. But as soone as hee remembred, that Lentulus was in loue with her, the faith to his friend, was a cooling card to his affections, and he quenched those sparkes at the first, least suffered, they may grow to a great flame: yet was hee manger his head forced to say thus much.

Hast thou liued fortunate, and fauoured in Rome? hath honour raised thee from a meane cottage, to be a companion to the sonnes of Senators? Doe the Consuls make thee for thy learning one of the Pretextati? & wilt thou for the hope of foolish beautie, staine all thy fauours and fortunes with disgrace? Nay rather Tully, it will bee honoure to woo the daughter of so famous a Romane: but shame to thee, to take the repulse and bee denied. Thinkest thou Terentia will looke so low? will Eagles catch at Flies? Will the wonder of our time, the paragon of our age, allied to the noblest houses in Rome, make choice of so base and meane a person? What

What hast thou to deserue her loue, any more then a little babling eloquence? Womens eares are not their touchstones, but their eyes, they see and make choice, not heare and fancie. A dram of honour weighes downe a pound of wit, and better it is to court with wealthy reuenewes, then with swéet lines, or fine coucht poems. Thou hast nothing left but a poore farme called Cumanum, whose rents quits not ỹ charges of thy studies. But suppose thou couldst win Terentia, suffice she is loued by Lentulus, and therfore from this day name her not in thy mouth, nor weare her in thy thoughts, least thou violate friendship, which thou oughtest to prize dearer then life. Thus Tully appeasing his passion went out of his study, and willed Eutrapelus to deliver the letter with secrecy: who being one of Tullies chiefe familiars, went with all spéed to the house of Flaminius, where finding the Lady Terentia sitting with Flauia and Cornelia at worke, hée being *homo facetus*, began merily to commẽd their huswifery, and after some iests broken betwixt the gentlewomen and him, hée craued to speake with Terentia about certaine serious affaires that greatly imported her father: Wherupon she rising and going with Eutrapelus into her closet, he there deliuered vnto her Lentulus letter. Terentia abashed at the sight, blushed as halfe angry with Eutrapelus, that he made himself messenger of so vaine a matter: yet considering it came from so honorable a personage as Lentulus, shée vouchsafed it, and wisht Eutrapelus in the euening to come for an answere. Hée was no sooner departed, but Terentia vnript the seales, and then red the contents which being contrary to her resolution, shée determined to returne with a deniall. But for that shée would make her friends priuy to her new loues passions, she went smiling in, and shewed them the letter. Upon poore Lentulus plaine song they all began to deskant, Cornelia praysing Terentias fortunes that was so entirely beloued of so honorable and braue a Gentleman; but Flauia hung the lip, and saying little, onely askt, what a louing answere she would write. I know not how to reply quoth Terentia, he hath written so eloquently, and so cunningly. But quoth Flauia,

I durst pawne my credit it was written by young Tully, that braue Orator: For I haue read some of his Epistles, and tis both his Methode, and his very phrase. That Tully, quoth Terentia, whome I haue heard my Father & the Senators so highly commend for his witte, thinking him to excede either Crassus or Hortensius: and with that sitting downe, they began to enter into discourse of Tullies excellencies, concluding all, that he was as singular amongst the Romans, as euer Demosthenes was amongst the Grecians. At last Terentia remembring hir selfe, toke leaue for a while of hir two friends, and stealing into hir closet, stepping to the standish, shée was about to write; but calling to mind ỳ discourse of Tullies perfections, letting fall her pen, shée fell into a passion. Cupid waiting to spy this Vestall at aduantage, séing her halfe at discouert, vnlosed a bolt, headed with Desire & feathered with Conceipt, which piercing the tender breast of this young Damsell hee made her shrinke at the blow, and so breath out this complaint.

Hast thou (Terentia) bén wondred at in Rome for despising loue, & wilt thou now (doting girle) stumble on desire, shall fancie Eclips all thy former glories, shall Vesta lése a virgin, and Venus win a wanton? Wilt thou resemble the buds of an elder trée, which yong are swéte & holesome, but blomed forth, are bitter and préiudiciall, thinke with thy selfe that Dianaes shrubs are more pleasant then Cupids bowers, the one harbours chast thoughts, the other amorous fancies. Truth, but Lucina is a goddesse, loue is diuine, and marriage honorable. Cedars are faire, but in yéelding no fruit they purchase the lesse estéme. To be a virgin, is a glorious title, but to liue euer so, is to wrong nature in her fauours: well, hast thou not then (Terentia) a noble gentleman of Rome, Lord Lentulus to bée thy husband, a man whose youth is filled with honours, & whose spring time florisheth with dignities: hath he not triumpht ouer the Parthians in conquest, and bound fortune to his temples with wreaths of victorie: Is not his parẽtage one of the greatest families of Rome: Is hée not for beautie like the faire Créeks paramour: For wisedom like wise Vlysses,

that

that Cyrces could not inchant? For courage Hector, and of such renuenews as may maintain thée with the most gorgeous dames of Italy? But the chiefe of his graces, is he not enamored of Terentia, & sues for her fauor? This I confesse *Sed deteriora sequor*. Loue, Ah that folish passion which wée terme loue, allowes nothing excellent, but what it likes. It shadowed beggary in Crates; for Hypsycratea thought him rich, in that he was vertuous: deformity in Vulcan, for Venus would not beléeue hée had a polt foote. Loue hath no lacke, & lesse reason: yet must I loue, & whom, Ah Tully, swéet Tully, from whose mouth flowes melody, more inchanting then the Syrens, one whose lips the Muses make a new Parnassus, in whose thoughts rests Platoes diuine spirits, & in whose head is contained the subtill wit of Aristotle. Is not he as glorious in Rome for his eloquence, as thou for thy beauties? Doe not the Senatours wonder at his learning as at thy perfection? Why should not thē both our singularity be linckt in the vnion of loue? why should not Terentia liue to Tully, and Tully to Terentia? Ah but hée is base, the first of his kinne that tasted of honor. I but hée is vertuous, & famous for his eloquence, graces that counteruaile the meannes of his parēts. I sée loue hath reasons being out of reason still to argue against reason, therefore without further *pro et contra* in mine one passions, I will loue Tully, and therefore thus to Lentulus: with that taking vp her pen, she wrote him this answere.

Terentia to Lentulus, health.

WHen I read (Lord Lentulus) thy letters, and spied thy loues, I blusht at mine owne thoughts, & sorrowed at thy fortunes. I search not the cause of thy loue, for it sufficeth to me thou dost loue, if it lay in me either to grant thy desire, or satisfie thy passiōs. Thy reasōs are sufficient to moue, were it not, my vowe & my destinies direct my mind to cōtrary thy affectiōs. Thy honours (Lentulus) knockes at the closet of my hart, thy victories sue for their

Lords libertie, thy loyaltie enters pell mell with my thoughts, and giueth a sore assault to my setled resolution; all these put in their pleas to purchase fauor for yong Lentulus. But Vesta, heard hearted Vesta, that makes her virgins, pliant to her own properties, commaunds that I shut mine eares against such alluring Syrens. I count my selfe greatly honoured with the loue of so worthy a Roman, and euer will Terentia couet to prooue as thankfull as hee affectionate; onely in loue pardon me, for that either I neuer meane to loue, or if I doe loue, my thoughts were fired before Lentulus came from Parthia. Wade not there where the ford hath no footing, barke not with the wolues of Syria against the Moone, looke not to climbe to Olympus, weep not at impossibilities, but pacifie that with patience which thou canst not obtaine with being passionate. If thou suest to my father, and he grant to conclude a mariage, yet shalt thou want a bride: For I will first die before I violate my resolution. Seeke not then by my preiudice to aime at thy own content, which be it euery way, yet it shal neuer be in my loue: not that I hate Lentulus but that my fortunes forbids me to loue Lentulus. If thou thinkest these denials be but words of course, and perswadest thy selfe that women will be first coy, & then curteous, as the marble that drops of raine doe pierce; Thou shalt deeply deceiue thy selfe, and highly wrong me: but I challenge thy promise, that howsoeuer I frustrate thy expectation thou wilt bury thy conceit in silence. In which hope grieuing that thy showers came in Autumne, I wish quiet to thy thoughts, and an end to thy loues.

Thine euer but in loue,
Terentia.

Terentia hauing thus ended her letter, and new begun her loues, the one directed to Lentulus, ỹ other deuoted to Tully, she went straight to her two friends, Cornelia and Flauia, shewing them the contents of the letter. Cornelia said she was to seuere & stoical, in sending such a peremptorie

torie answere to so braue a gentleman. Flauia ouercharged with ioy, prayſed the reſolution of Terentia, wiſhing that all maides were of her minde, miſliking that which ſhe moſt loued, thinking by retreating Terentia from the chace to be miſtreſſe of the game her ſelfe. Well, this letter at laſt was ſealed and deliuered to Eutrapelus who hying him faſt to Tullies lodging, found Lentulus and him in ſecret, and ſerious diſcourſe, and all god wote was about Terentia. Lentulus hauing receiued the letter, entring with Tully into his ſtudy, read the contents. No ſooner had he viewed, and reviewed ouer her cruell determination, but in greate extaſie of minde, he cryed out (*Dulciores ſemors quam Amor.*) And with that flinging out of his ſtudy, he fell into bitter and extreme ſorrowes. Tully greeuing at his friends hard fortune, ſought with plauſible perſwaſions to appeaſe his furious melancholy, wiſhing him whatſoeuer Terentia wrote, ſtill to think her a woman that would one while thruſt out fancy with a finger, and ſtraight entertaine loue as a friend: that either time or his conſtancy would make her ſtoope to the lure of his deſires. Thus ſought Tully to weed him frō his paſſions, but in vaine; for her reſolution confirmd with ſuch effectuall & perſwaſiue determinations, ſo quatted the conceit of his former hope, that going paſſing melancholy to his bed, he fell into an extreme feuer, which aggrauated with the inward anguiſh of his mind, grew to be ſo dangerous, that Aſclapo the Phyſition, excellent at that time for his faculty, iudged the diſeaſe to be mortall. The Senators hearing of Lentulus ſickneſſe, ſorrowed, as fearing Rome by his death ſhould bee depriued of ſuch high enſuing hope: his friends flocked to his lodging to viſit him; who noting the heate of the Ague, and the paſſions of his mind, his ſodaine ſtarts, his gaſh lookes, and his abrupt anſweres, iudged the extremity of his ſickneſſe had halfe brought him to a lunacy, all ſeeking by counſel to cure that which neither counſel nor medicine could mitigate. Fruſtrate of their expectatiō they wiſhed his weale, and returned with griefe. Onely Tully, whoſe ſetled friendſhip no miſfortune could remoue, ſtil day & night, as a ſecond Æſculapius, waited vpon this

perplexed patient. But as the depth of his passion pierced into the center of his hart, so the feuer increased, that generally Rome began to sorow, so braue a warriour should be cut off in the very prime of his fortunes: insomuch that the report of his sickneſſe came to the eares of the three Ladies. Terentia made light account, as hauing her heart hardned with the loue of Cicero: but Flauia grew passing passionate as being toucht at the quicke, with the weake disposition of Lentulus, wishing he might haue cure for his malady, so it were not by the meanes of Terentia: shee frequented the temples, offred orisons, made vowes, & burnt incense to ỹ Gods, that they would bee fauorable to her louer Lentulus, coueting (if possible it might be) with the preiudice of her selfe to haue profited him: but in vaine, Terentia was resolute, and he was resolued as shee was dainty, so to die in despaire. Flauia if her modesty might haue permitted would haue, accompanied with other Ladies, gone to his lodging, but the rights of Vesta forbidding such familiar conuersing, she rather was constrained by force, then withheld by reason, But seeing shee could by no meanes come to his sight, yet to manifest the sincerity of her loue, she sent him a letter to this effect.

Flauia to Lentulus, health,

IF I could (Lord Lentulus) pourtray with outward actions, the secrecy of my passions, or force as many teares from mine eyes, as there flie sighes from my heart: The Anatomy of my thoughts would discouer a disquiet mind, & the source of mine eies a fountaine of bitter lamẽts. But seeing that barrels, the fuller they bee, the lesse sound they yeeld: and where the current is deepest, there the water is most stil: and the mind surcharged with extremes, hath least vtterance of griefe, I leaue you to suppose of my sorrowes which I cannot manifest. But know (Lord Lentulus,) that when the report of your sicknes came to the eares of your new entertained friends, Terentia sighed, as pitying with a cõmon passion the ill of her countryman, but as one that might

might not releeue, being intercepted with other loues. Cornelia chid, as holding your selfe in highest estæm, alleaging reasons to her that admitted no reason, but her owne loue which is without reason. My selfe sorowed, as wishing desert should haue his due where the honor of the man merits no lesse: we perswaded in vaine, in seeking to bring Terentia to the bay, we indeuoured to quench fire with swords. Seeing then your thoughts leuel at a wrong marke, & that no sutes can diuert her frō her froward cōceipt: in careles extremes, vse patiēce, wrestle with loue, being wronged by loue: yeeld not to the arrest of Cupids mace, but as hee is yong, so hold him a boy. Consider, as Terentia is faire, so she is cruell; and as she is full of fauor, so she is too too vnkind.

Flie not with Apollo after Daphnis: Diana hath more Nymphs as chaft, & yet not so coy: vse loue (my Lentulus) as children do puppies, which while they are pliāt & gentle they cherish vp with crūmes, but when they ware churlish they beate away with stroakes. Thinke Rome is the Mistris of the world, & hath many faire dames, if not of such excellency as Terentia, yet are they more curteous & no lesse vertuous. The curious Herbalists measure not the plants by their colours, but by their properties: the Lapidaries make estæme of their stones, not by the outward hue, but by their secret vertues. Vse then the ancient custome of Esculapius, let Lillies wither on the stalke, and weare violets in thy hand, the one faire and vnsauory, the other black but of swæt verdure. Let these counsels (Lentulus) comfort thee apply them not as outward plaisters, but as inward potions: which if they proffit, none shall be more glad than Flauia, who wisheth (if shee might in this hard extreme) to discouer the honor of her thoughts, and the resolution of a friend; if ought rests in me that may pleasure Lentulus, commaunde it of Flauia, as one knowing Lentulus desires are wholy honourable. Thus praying thou maist haue ease in thy passions, through end of thy loues, I will offer sacrifice for thy health, as she that feares her owne prejudice, without thy recouery.

Thine, Flauia of Rome.

No

No ſooner had Flauia ended her letter, but ſhée ſealed it, and ſent it away, and with as much ſpéd as might bée, it was conueied to Lentulus, who reading the ſuperſcription, and perceiuing it came from a Woman, ſuppoſing it was ſent from Terentia, ſtarted vp in his bed, and rent open the ſeales: when he had red the contents, and ſaw it came from Flauia, noting the extremity of her loue by the plaine diſcouery of her paſſions: he ſaid to himſelfe.

Vniuſt loue that ſettles thy thoughts in croſſing with cõtraries. Some thou pierceſt with deſire, other with diſdain: infuſing ſundry effects in diuers affects; I couet Terentia, and ſhe is crüell; Flauia fauors thée, and thou art tyed to others loues. What reſts in theſe extremes, but to curſe fancy, that maketh ſuch a confuſed Chaos of her follies. Oppoſe then reaſon againſt affection, & admit not of loues concluſions, vnleſſe they bée approued principles. Thy thoughts are deuoted to Terentia, and ſhe onely vouchſafes thée the verdict of her eares. Thou art more honorable thẽ ſhe, of richer reuenewes then her dowry can ſatisfie, hauing as many deſerts as ſhe hath beauties: & yet coy dame as ſhe is, ſhe twits thée with Veſta, when God wote Venus is the goddeſſe that heareth her Orizons. If thou haſt this inſight into her thoughts, why wrongeſt ỹ thy ſelfe with ſuch careleſſe paſſions? If ſhe be ſo ramage let her flie, and ſéke for a Meſſe that may proue more gentle. Let her glory like Narciſſus in her beauties: Loue can chaſtiſe if it bé but with ſelf loue. Vſe no phiſicke Lentulus, but the conſideration of this frowardnes. Let the drugs of Apollo ſerue for others, not for thée. Thruſt out fancy by force, and ſetting Terentia at light eſtéeme, make choice of Flauia: though ſhe bée not ſo beautiful, yet ſhe is ſecond to her ingraces, and far beyond her in curteſies. Tie not thy ſelfe Lentulus ſo ſtrictly to a womans face, beauty is but times flower, that as it is delicate, ſo it ſone withereth: Like ỹ colors that Phydias drew in his pictures, which ſhewing moſt glorius to the eie, was yet blemiſht with euery breath, Venus was faire and wanton: Helen the miracle of Greece, but aſke Troy of her qualities. Ah but Terentia is as chaſt, as ſhée is beautiful.

So

So is Flauia to and far more louing. Her birth is of higher descent, her wealth more, her vertues no lesse: but her loue such as may challenge thy affections for debt. Ah but Lentulus, yet Terentia her excellency is more then can be shaken off with so sleight reasons, and with that he shrunke downe into his bed falling to his old complaints: yet did this Letter of Flauia somewhat comfort him, and he found it his best physicke. But leauing him in his bed, againe to Terentia, who felt the disquiet of her mind as restlesse. For the Senatours dayly repairing to her fathers house, had no other table talke but of the eloquence of Tully, some commending his wit, other his studie, some his vertues, but all his speciall gifts of nature, that they put Oyle into the flame, and with these praises so set on fire Terentias fancie, as nothing tumbled in her thoughts but the excellency of Cicero: being so impatient, as she sought by all meanes possible to com to his sight, and to fed her eye with that wherwith she had inchaunted her eares, finding no ready way to attaine the end of her desires, vntill loue, ý like Mercury is full of shifts & subtility, deuised this plot. Tully being borne in a little Village adioyning vnto Rome, called Arpinatum, vsed often to make his intercourse betwéen the towne and the Citie for his pleasure: Which Terentia hauing learned out, thought the fittest meanes to haue a sight of her Cicero. So that one day, to take the ayre, accompanyed with her two friends, Flauia and Cornelia, hauing but a page to attend vpon them, she walked abroad into the fields. Passing thus in merry chat towards Arpinatum, hauing some glaunces at ý sickneſſe of Lentulus, they had not walked aboue a mile before Flauia spied Tully comming from Arpinatū to Rome. Assoone as she had discried him, & for certaintie knew that it was he: yonder quoth she comes that odde man of Rome, that excellent Orator Marcus Tullius Cicero, so highly renowned through all our prouinces for his eloquence: now shall we heare from Lentulus, for they are the most familiar friends, and priuate companions in Rome. Terentia at this as one wakened out of a dreame, gaue a start, and casting by her eye, espied ý paramour of her thoughts, which droue

her into such an extasy, that surcharged with ouermuch ioy she felt an vnacquainted trembling in her ioynts. Wéeing thus perplexed, Tully drawing nie, and séeing Terentia accompanied with her friend Flauia, gaue thankes to opportunitie, that she had so highly fauoured his friend Lentulus, as that he might now pleade for his safety. Tully thus incountering those three Romane damsels after a courteous Salue which made Terentia blush, he began thus to word them.

This place (swéet Romanes) so aptly agréeing to the persons, this valley resembling Ida, and Rome Troy, I cannot but bash with Paris at ỹ sight of thrée such goddesses, whose deity surpassed those ỹ shepheard iudicially surueied with his eye: humbly therefore saluting you as Dianaes darlings and beauties wonder, séeing so small a traine for such excellent personages, although my affaires be serious and of importance, yet please it you vouchsaf of my seruice, I will attend on your walkes, and conduct you to Rome. Terentia féeding her eyes on the swéete of Tullies face, and swilling down the nectar of his diuine eloquẽce, staining her chéeks with such a die, as did the faire Quéene of Carthage courted by Æneas, she made him this answere.

How you make compare (Cicero) of this valley, with the plaines of Troy, as little skild in Geography, or read in Homers Iliads, I leaue without reply. For the Goddesses that Paris incountred, we are equall with thẽ in number, though far inferiour to them in beautie: for your seruice we accept it, and for your wages, you shall haue gracious lookes, and harty thankes. Séeing therefore we are merryly minded, suppose your selfe to be the shepheard, which of vs all shall be your Venus? Not you madam quoth Tully aboue all the rest: and why so quoth Terentia? because quoth Tullie, the least flie hath his splẽne, the small Ant her gall, no haire so little but hath his shaddow, and no man so meane but he hath his enuy. Why then (quoth Terentia) I will discard you from the office of Paris, as a man partiall. But I pray thée (Cicero) wherin thold I offend thée, hauing neuer séene thée before? In this quoth he, that Lentulus hath séene you: with that she blusht, and Flauia and Cornelia fell into a great

great laughter that Tully had so roughly crost her ouer the thumbs. Tully prosecuting his purpose went forward thus Forknow Madam, that Lentulus the richest Trophée that Fortune sets vp in the Theatre of honor, made shipwracke of his libertie for the reporte of your beautie, leauing the warres, and the great hope of his fortunes, to haue a sight of Terentia; you vnkinde, not like Venus in curtesie, though in fauours, haue counterpoysed his fancie with musike, & for the hony of his amorous thoughts haue powred him downe heaps of bitter and displeasing gall. The cruelty of Cressida neuer amated so the hardy Troilus, as the frowne of Terentia hath pierst Lentulus, making so deepe a wound, as no phi sick can cure, only your swéte selfe, whose resolutiõs are so farre from the properties of your face, as it séemes ỹ God s wronged nature, in placing an adamant hart within a Christall couerture. The Ladies hearing Tully so sharp, bit the lip, and Terentia grieued: angry she could not bée as one that was ouer the shoes in affection, but thus shée cut him off.

I cannot iudge (Cicero) by your sharp and peremptorie inuectiues, vpon so small acquaintãce, but you profesle your selfe a Cinike. If your philosophy be such, I will breake the blowes as well as Alexander, and thinke nothing ill that is spoken from Diogenes. Howsoeuer, or whatsoeuer Cinike, or Stoicke, I argue thus against Lentulus, that vows made to Vesta are to be holden inuiolated, and resolutions to liue a virgin are not to be broken with mariage. Cornelia & Flauia hearing them thus farre in by the eares, walked a little aside, and left Tully to schoole Terentia: who maintained her arguments thus: suppose (Tully) it were not chaft thoughts but new loues that forced me to this refusall: haue not trées their strings, and women their fancies & affections? If his Autumne showers comming too late, cause not his crops to proue, whats that to me? Loue consisteth in vnitie, the heart hath but one string, the heauen one Sunne, and the Iris one property, and women but one loue, and that I tell thée Tully, is placed on one that is as famous for his vertues, as Lentulus for his wealth and dignities. And what then shall

I giue, or he rightly challengē Tully, although he conceiued in his thoughts, that Terentia yēlded great reason: yet hē would not giue ouer the chase so, but made this reply. Ah but Madam, haue an insight into the depth of his affectiōs, how he aimes not at your treasures, hoping to be inriches by your great dowry; for Lentulus is of the welthiest family in Rome: but leuels at your vertues, the Syrens against whome he could not vse Vlisses policy. If affection be but a little past, if loue hath but drawn one line in your thoughts with his pensill, wrestle with fancie, blot out loues shadowes, and helpe Lentulus: who, if you remaine so cruell, shall hē no more Lentulus. If hē die for loue, how shall the streets swarme with statues of his constancie? If you hē knowne the chief Actor of the tragedy, how will the people murmur of your cruelty? Weigh this Madam, I speake as a familiar of Lentulus, and no enemy of Terentias honor, If hē bē a Romane that Terentia loues, let him either bē more honourable, more baliant, more affable, more excellēt euery way then Lentulus, nay more louing then the poore Gentleman, else discard him for a man insufficient to tast of Terentias beautie, or to be corriuall with Lēntulus in his loue. Terentia had yēlded at this fierce assault, had not loue laid an instance before her of her resolution. For the more Tully pleaded for his friend, the more was Terentia enamored, so that she made him this answere.

If I knew how to certifie Lentulus of this daies discourse, he should highly reward you for playing so wel the Orator. But I maruell Cicero, that bēing young, and of such eloquence, we heare not of your loues: I feare you reach so hie, that you thinke no maide in Reme honourable enough for your paramor. Were I a man, and had Tullies grace, and his tongue, I would plead for my selfe, and vse one word for my friend, and two for my selfe. So Madam (quoth he) should men account me a faithlesse friend, and a flattering louer. But leauing these suppositiōs, Madam, how answer you my last reason? With loue (quoth she) and that is without reason; for how might the Gentleman, to whom I find my selfe affectionate, thinke himselfe wronged, if without

cause

cause I should be inconstant. Grant I my loue to ỹ meanest citizen, a Monarch shall not make conquest of my thoughts. Suppose sir it were your selfe, and that Terentia loued Tully, could you bʒoke another to bʒaue you in your affection? I would madame (quoth Tully) it were no supposition. And how then, quoth Terentia, if it were not? Then would I, (quoth he) become Esculapius to Lentulus, and sweare his disease should not be incurable; foʒ I would coniure you by the rites of Loue, by the secret lawes of Venus, and by the affections that were impʒinted in your thoughts, to bestow what you would impart vnto me, to my onely ioy lord Lentulus. But women cannot make loue voluntarie. Tush Madame, what cannot women doe foʒ loue? Any thing quoth Terētia, but chāge loue. Therefoʒe not concealing the party that I loue, I will say and sweare that Tully is my loue, & so say to Lentulus. With this Terentia blusht, and foʒ very griefe that Tully would not sée into her thoughts, the teares stood in her eyes: which Tully spying, it so pʒickt him to the heart, that it neuer after was raced out. To smoth therefoʒe his rough methode with a few fine filed phʒases, he salued ỹ matter thus. It is (Madam) impossible to dʒiue fire downeward, oʒ to make heauie things to mount. Nature wil not be wʒōged, noʒ loue dʒawn out by constraint; therefoʒe I wil leaue any moʒe at this time to sue foʒ Lentulus: hoping the consideration of his Martyrdome will at length make battery in the bulwarke of your bʒeast: and wheras you will sweare Tully is your loue, you know (Madam) we haue in our twelue tables a law against periury; but if you vouch to grace me with ỹ title, in all duty I will rest your euer boūden seruant. Why then seruant quoth she let vs to yonder two ladies, that foʒ want of a companion are faine to make an amoʒous Knight of my page. Flauia séeing they were halfe agréed, fearing Tully by his eloquēce had perswaded Terentia, ware pale, & incountered them thus. What newes, quoth thée, doth Lentulus winne oʒ lose? Neither Madam, quoth Tully, but his case hangs still in suspence; the nert court day I will end my Oʒation, and then the Judge shall giue verdict.

As they were readie to haue gone forward in some pleasant prattle, they espied a horseman making toward them with the greatest spéede that might be. When he came within ken, Tully knew it to bée Lentulus man, and before he had leasure to do his Message, he demanded how his maister did? Passing sicke sir, quoth hée, and hath sent that you bée with him presently. Tully who was toucht to the quick with this news, put foot in the stirrope and mounted, yet as one forgetting himselfe, hée vsed these words. Pardon Ladies, if I passe manners and promise in leaping vp without leaue, & returning in such post without your company. It is for Lentulus, whome you all loue, and therefore I hope to rest blãmelesse. Now Madam Terentia what shall I say to Lentulus? No more, quoth she, then what I said to Tully: but how concludes Tully of his last premises? that, quoth hée, Terentia shall frame the argument, & so, with this darke Ænigma, he toke his leaue of the ladies: who after his departure, fell in talke of his perfection. Terentia so dépely praising the man, that her companions easily perceiued her loues, and smyled, that in forsaking a flower, shée light vpon a weéde. Well, tracing still among the Medowes, they chanced into a valley most curiously decked with Floraes delicats, in which were such variety of flowers, ỹ nature séemed there to haue planted the storehouse of her prodigalitie. Adioyning to this vally, was a pleasant riuer & a groue, that gaue grace to Cloris excellencie: delighted with the situation of this place, as they passed along, they met a shepheard, who doing reuerence to the dames: Terentia demanded of this swaine, what the name of this pleasant place was. Madam (quoth hée) we shepheards call it the vale of Loue. And why so, quoth Cornelia? Although Madam quoth hée, my flocke hath no guide but my dogge, and now in the yeaning time the Wolues are very busie, yet, for that I sée you are Senators daughters, and withall passing curteous, I will shew the reason, and with that, leaning on his staffe, the Ladies sitting downe, began thus.

The

The Shepheards tale.

NOt many yéres since, here in Arpinatū dwelt a Shepheardesse called Phillis, so famous for her beautie, ỳ the senators sonnes (which you call *Pretextati*) not onely came to fède their eyes with her fauours, but to satisfy their fancyes with her loues: insomuch, that she was courted of many braue Romane Gentlemen. But she that held loue at the staffes end, although her parents had left her rich, yet to banish Cupid with labor, she vouchafed to be képer of her own flocks, fearing the pride of her beautie (if she should marry with one of Rome) would prooue an enemy to her humble thoughts: Liuing as chast as she was inrolled for a Vestall, and quoted by Diana for one of her speciall followers, her excellencie was bruited through all Italie. But she, who feared to gaze at starres, for stumbling at stones, laid her thoughts low, and made choice of her company with country maids, and homely shepheards: yet was her attire rich, as diuers that trauelled this way, toke her rather for a Nymph, the follower of some goddesse, then a maide, and daughter of a poore swaine. While thus she liued Lady of the field, there was in the same village one Coridon; sonne to a simple shepheard, who was a mercenary man, kept shéepe for Vatinius the Senator ỳ hath a farme hard by. This Coridon was a man of perfect perfection, his haire hung in tresses, and his face was beautifull: wise hée was, and wanted but wealth, to make him the chiefe of all the shepheards, béing of equall yéres almost with Phillis, som two yéres elder, hée fell extremely in loue with Phillis. Enamored was poore Coridon, and pensiue, by his flock sate ruminating of his passions, he smothered his loue in silence, for that hee was the meanest of the swaines, and the mistris of vs all. He sat & sighed, & had none but eccho to pitty his plaints: his flocke left their foode to sée their masters sorrow: his pipe seast, the folds were no more partakers of his melody, and all these thoughts and cares for Phillis. She wily, and spying this wanton dally in the flame, loked narrowly into the perfection of the man whom she found worthy of loue, if his Parents had not béene too meane, and his wealth none at all; suppressing

this

this loue with lack, and quenching the fire with the defects shée found in Coridon. But Cupid that could not brooke such exceptions, pitying the passions of the poore Shepheard, pulled forth an inuenomed bolt, and pierst Phillis so déepe, that Coridon began to be master of her thoughts. Now she praised his beauty, his behauiour, his wit, his gestures, so that nothing was amisse in Coridon. If shée piped, Apollo was not like her Pan; if he sung, his voice without compare; if shée told tales, they were excellent; if shée put forth riddles, they were witty. Coridon was the shepheard that Phillis did fancy, and no flocks might graze by hers, but those of Coridon. This (Mistris) can loue doe, who though shée bée choicely honoured in Rome, yet shée finds some idle time to dally amongst the shepheards. Well, at last Coridon spied Phillis lookes, and got some hope of fauour: first shée courted with his eyes, and after natures law fell to prattle with interchange of glaunces; after from lookes to words, which after their homely fashions were very faithfully performed with sighes & teares: such persuasiõs as shepheards vse. Long had they not wooed, but Phillis was willing, and shée was wonne, that after faith and troth, as soone as the shepheards could come together, a feast was made, we kept holiday, and they were married: and because the Louers made this place the Concealer of their passions, the shéepheards, for perpetuall memory of Phillis and Coridon, call this the vale of Loue, and in praise thereof, wée Country shepheards made an Ode, which if it please you to stay, I will rehearse. The Ladies passing willing, thus the shepheard gaue report.

The Shepheards Ode.

WAlking in a vally greene,
Spred with *Flora* Summers queene:
Where she heaping all her graces,
Niggard seem'd in other places.
Spring it was, and here did spring,
All that Nature forth can bring:

Groues

Groues of pleaſant trees there grow
Which fruit and ſhadow could beſtow:
Thicke leaued boughes ſmall birds couer,
Till ſweet notes themſelues diſcouer:
Tunes for number ſeem'd confounded,
Whilſt their mixture muſicke ſounded.
Greeing well, yet not agreed,
That one the other ſhould exceede:
A ſweete ſtreame here ſilent glides:
Whoſe cleare water no fiſh hides.
Slow it runnes, which well bewraid,
The pleaſant ſhore the current ſtaid:
In this ſtreame a rocke was planted,
Where no art nor nature wanted.
Each thing ſo did other grace.
As all places may giue place:
Onely this the place of pleaſure,
Where is heaped natures treaſure.
Here mine eyes with wonder ſtaid,
Eyes amaſ'd and mind affraid:
Rauiſht with what was beheld,
From departing were withheld.
Muſing then with ſound aduiſe,
On this earthly paradiſe;
Sitting by the riuer ſide,
Louely *Phillis* was deſcride:
Gold her haire, bright her eyen,
Like to *Phœbus* in his ſhine:
White her brow, her face was faire,
Amber breath perfumde the aire.
Roſe and Lilly both did ſeeke,
To ſhew their glories on her cheeke:
Loue did neſtle in her lookes,
Baiting there his ſharpeſt hookes.
Such a *Phillis* ne're was ſeene,
More beautifull then Loues Queene.
Doubt it was whoſe greater grace,
Phillis beauty, or the place.

Her coate was of ſcarlet red
All in pleates, a mantle ſpred,
Fring'd with gold: a wreath of bowes:
To checke the Sun from her browes,
In her hand a ſhepheards hooke,
In her face *Dianaes* looke.
Her ſheepe graſed on the plaines,
Shee had ſtolne from the ſwaines:
Vnder a coole ſilent ſhade,
By the ſtreames ſhe garlands made,
Thus ſat *Phillis* all alone,
Miſſ't ſhe was by *Coridon*:
Chiefeſt ſwaine of all the reſt,
Louely *Phillis* lik't him beſt.
His face was like *Phœbus* loue,
His necke white as Venus Doue:
A ruddy checke filled with ſmiles,
Such loue hath when he beguiles:
His lookes browne, his eyes were gray,
Like *Titan* in a Summer day.
A ruſſet iacket, ſleeues red,
A blew bonnet on his heade.
A cloake of gray fenc'd the raine,
Thus tyred was this louely ſwaine:
A ſhepheards hooke, his dog tide,
Bag and bottle by his ſide:
Such was *Paris*, ſheepheards ſay,
When with *Oenone* he did play.
From his flocke ſtraied *Coridon*,
Spying *Phillis* all alone:
By the ſtreame he *Phillis* ſpide,
Brauer then was Floraes pride:
Downe the valley gan he tracke,
Stole behind his true-loues backe:
The Sunne ſhone and ſhaddow made,
Phillis roſe and was afraid.
When ſhe ſaw her louer there,
Smile ſhe did, and left her feare.

Cupid that disdaine doth loth,
With desire strake them both.
The swaine did wooe, she was nice
Following fashion, nayde him twice:
Much a doe hee kist her then,
Maidens blush when they kisse men:
So did *Phillis* at that stowre,
Her face was like the rose flower,
Last they greed, for loue would so,
Faith and troth they would no mo.
For shepheards euer held it sin,
To false the loue, they liued in.
The swaine gaue a girdle red,
She set garlands on his head.
Gifts were giuen, they kisse againe,
Both did smile, for both were faine.
Thus was loue mongst shepheards sold,
When fancy knew not what was gold:
They wooed, & vowed, & that they keepe,
And goe contented to their sheepe.

The end of the Shepheards Ode.

As soone as the shepheard repeated his Ode, Terentia delighted with the description of the pastoral loue, for that it touched her passions, gaue him hearty thankes, and so the swaine toke his leaue & departed. Terentia, and the rest hereupon growing into the effects of Loue that kepes no proportiõ of persons, wandred on, talking towards the groue. And for that the Sun grew hote, and was risen to the highest Zenith of the heauens, seeking for shelter, they went into the groue, which was seated hard by the pleasãt current: finding out there a place conuenient, these three Ladies sit them downe vpon the grasse, where delighted with the melody of the birds, and the colenes of the shade, they fell a slepe. There liued in Rome, Vatinius the Senatour, which was one of the most wealthy in possession of any that had beene Consull in the Cittie, fauoured

euery way by fortune, had hée not béene thwarted by one grieuous & dolefull misfortune. For this Vatinius amongst many Children had his eldest sonne, as first in birth, so brauest in proportion, of such exquisite lineaments, touching ỳ outward shape, as nature séemed to haue bin curious in her workemanship: but otherwise he was so foolish, & of so clownish capacity, that there was no hope of his future cõceit: his name was after his father Vatinius. But for because, neither by the diligence of any maister, nor the flattery of his friends, correction, or any other industrie, hée, could be made capable of learning, or ciuilitie, vsing fashions and words from a harsh and grosse voyce, resembling rather a brute beast, then a reasonable creature, he was in derision called of euery man, Fabius the Fœle. Vatinius grieuing that the Gods had offred him this wrong, for that the presence of Fabius was the continuall course of his sorrowes, hée commaunded that he should goe to his Farm, and there liue amongst his shepheards: This was no little content to Fabius, as one that delighted more in the nature of clownes, and bondslaues, then in the courtly behauiour of libertines, and Gentlemen. Fabius thus béeing in ỳ Country, applying himselfe to all principles of husbandrie, one day amongst the rest, walked forth, with a great bat on his neck, to ouersée his Fathers pastures: at last, for that the Sun was high and shone hote, hée went into the groue, then all ouer-clad wỏ leaues, for it was farre spring; and seeing a place wherein at pleasure to rest himselfe, he stumbled (by fortune) on the fount where Terentia lay asléep, who when Fabius espied, being clad in a robe of bisse, so thinne, as the whitenesse of her skin did appeare, hauing her two companyons by her side, he began as one amazed to behold. Leaning therefore on his great Bat, without vttering any word, he stood in great admiration what she should be, as though he had neuer seene so braue a creature before. Now entring into his rusticall, and blunt vnderstanding, (where neuer before could bée ingrauen any impression of honest ciuilitie,) a thought of fancy, which made him confesse, in his grosse and martiall spirits, that this

maid was the faireſt thing that euer could be cenſured by ſight. In this humor hée beganne to deſkant of her ſeuerall beauties, praiſing her haire to bée of gold, her forehead of iuory, her lips corall, and aboue all, her two breaſts, which then began to appeare like prætie tender buds, in ſuch ſimple ſort to diſtinguiſhing of her fauours, that from a groſſe Clowne, hé became to bée a Iudge of Beautie: eſpecially coueting to ſée her eyes, which heauy ſléepe had ſhut vp, determining often to haue waked her, to haue contented himſelfe with their ſights. But ſéeing her more faire then any creature that before he had ſéene, hé thought her to be ſome Goddeſſe. Hauing thus farre knowledg, that things diuine ſhould bée reuerenced more then humaine, & therefore durſt not attempt to wake her, but (although ſhe had a ſound and long ſléepe) toke ſuch pleaſure in cõtemplating her perfections, that he would by no delay depart. At laſt, after long ſpace, Terentia awaked before any of the reſt, & lifting vp her drowſie eyes, ſhé ſaw before her, Fabius leaning vpon his ſtaffe, whereof béing halfe amazed, ſhé aſked of him: Fabius, what ſéekeſt thou héere in this groue? Fabius, who as well by his countenance, as clemency, and for the nobility of his houſe, as the riches of his Father, was generally knowne of all the Romanes, made no anſwere to Terẽtia, but ſeeing her eyes open, he began to lok ſtedfaſtly vpon them, féeling a pleſant cõtent to iſſue from thoſe Lampes which ſparkle as the very flame of loue: inſomuch, that Terentia ſéeing him gaze ſo earneſtly, fearing the ſturdy clowne might offer her ſome violence, wakened vp her companions, and ſtarting vp, ſaids, Fabius farewell. And although Terentia refuſed, as béeing ſurpriſed with great feare of his ruſticall diſpoſitiõ: yet he would not forſake her till he had brought her to her fathers houſe, where bluntly leauing the Lady, hé went home to his Fathers, ſaying, hé would not returne any more into the Country. Although it grieued his father to haue his ſorrow continually before his eies, yet wondring what the occaſiõ of this ſtrange motion ſhould meane, hé was content to let him remaine at home in the city. Loues arrows thus peircing

into the heart of Fabius, whereinto neuer before any ciuill thought could enter, made such a metamorphosis of his minde, that not onely his father and friends, but all Rome began to wonder at his sudaine alteration: for he required to be apparelled as the Son of a Senator, which his father with all diligence performed. Then frequenting the most courteous and honest yong gentlemen of the City, especially such as were amorous: he (to the great astonishing of all) not only learned his letters, but became very studious, and grew to haue deepe insight into Philosophy, to be skilfull in Musicke, to ride a Horse, & to be expert in all gentle and manlike actiuity: to conclude, in short space, hee was one of the bravest yong men in Rome.

Here by the way (courteous Ladies & braue gentlewomen) what shall I say of the transformation of Fabius? only in my opinion this: That the high vertues of the heauens infused into his noble breast, were imprisoned by ỹ enuious wrath of fortune within some narrow corner of his heart, whose bands went asunder by loue, as a lord too mighty for fortune. Cupid ỹ raiser vp of sleepy thoughts dispersed those vertues into euery part of his mind, obscured before with the eclipse of base thoughts. Let vs then think of loue, as of the most purest passiõ that is inserted into the hart of man. Wel, leauing Fabius studious how to excell in all laudable vertues, againe to Tully who arriued in post hast to the lodging of Lentulus, and found him pasting sicke, yet somwhat comforted at the sight of Cicero, as of him that he held most deere in the world. Tully seeing him ill and full of passions, durst not tell him that he had seene Terentia, least her froward answere should augment his misery; concealing therfore his Chat that he had with the Ladies, at last Lentulus shewed him ỹ letter of Flauia, wherupõ they fel to discourse of her beauties & vertues, how she was not much inferior to Terẽtia in fauor, but far beyond her in honors, discoursing so long from point to point, that after a voly of broken sighes tempered with some teares, hee fell a sleepe. Tully glad that he toke a nap, stole softly out of the chamber, and beeing by himselfe, calling to mind the words of Terentia,

began

began to enter into combate with himselfe.

So plaine are the aspects of the fore appointing stars in some mens nativity, as they force fortune mauger her one variable nature, to be constant. Amongst all that haue bin borne in the poore village of Arpinatum, thou maiest (Tully) say, that thy planets haue bin pleasing, and thy desires fauourable, who the sonne of a poore farmer, art in hope to make thy house equall with the most in Rome. Measure but thy honour, and iudge of thy fortunes: thy family base, yet art thou a companion with Senators, and men of graue account in the Citty. Honor treades on thy héele, and dignity danceth attendance at thy lookes: but loue, Cicero, that deity, that diuine essence that sealeth vp content in all estates, he stoopeth at thy frowne, presents thée wreathes of mirtle, that thou maiest enter into Paphos without checke. Terentia the wonder of Rome, Natures Paragon, the refined beauty of the heauens, thée that séemeth to glance at the Prætextati: she that makes no account of the miracle of our time, Lord Lentulus: she, Cicero, commanded by loue, yéeldes her selfe captiue to the Son of a poore country villager in Arpinatum. Then Tully strew Venus temple with roses: say there is no fount but Alcidalion, no hill but Erecinus, no bird but the Doue, no god but Cupid. Léese not opportunity, take her by the forehead, let not slip occasion, for she glides away like a shadow: nor loue, for she hanges at the héeles of Time. Now Terentia hath put the yron in the fire, strike then while it is hot, pay her downe poundes of loue for drams of fancy: for, in matching with the daughter of a Senator, thinke, it presageth thou shalt be a Senator; so shalt thou gaine, at one time, honor, dignitie, wealth, and beauty: but with that, lose thy faith Tully, thy faith thou hast vowed to Lentulus, who shutteth vp his secrets in thy heart, and resteth his thoughts on thy bosome. Wilt thou prefer honor before thy friend, or wealth before conscience? Ah Tully, if thou be the man that Rome wondreth at for thy eloquẽce, be also the man they shal cãonize for thy vertues. Beauty is but a bauins blaze, wealth is but a fickle fauor of Fortune, dignity is haunted by enuy: but friendshippe

that

that is the precious treasure, that neither Time nor Fortune can violate. Why, but Terentia will neuer loue Lentulus, then Tully hate thou euer Terentia. I am a man and subiect vnto loue, aswell as Lentulus: So art thou a man, and being false to thy friend art vnworthy all loue. Abandon (Tully) these vaine imaginations, count Terentia foule, deformed, vicious, and what not: as long as one sparke of loue lyeth raked vp in ỹ cinders of thy thoughts: & as long as Lentulus loues her, hate her for thy self, and loue her for Lentulus. Setting down his rest at this period, he went into the chamber, to sée if Lenlulus were awake, but finding him still fast a sléepe, he went towards the Capitoll, where he met with Flaminius the father of Terentia, who demanded very heartily how Lentulus did. Cicero with a déepe sigh said, pausing sicke. Whereof (quoth Flaminius) growes the disease? I heard Asclapo iudged his sicknes to be mortall. Tully thinking to set all on the dice, not respecting his owne soule, but his faith to his friend, began thus: Graue Senatour, I néed not rehearse Lentulus birth, as being a citizen, nor his reuenues and possessions long knowne to euery man, nor his honors ended in victories: for the Parthians are sufficient euidence of his well discharged dignities & valours. Lentulus graced in the prime of his youth with these fauors, hearing of the beauty of a Roman Lady, left the wars, and came to Rome, where s courting his Mistresse, not with wanton Poems, but with termes of marriage, he found her froward, & his loue dasht in the prime. The impression of her beauty grauen with to déepe a character, was to fast rooted in his heart, to be thrust out with deniall: yet Lentulus to content her, playes like the Phenix, burnes in his owne perfumes, rather wishing to die, thẽ to contrary her resolutiõ. This is the cause that first brought Lentulus to his bed, and this (ere long) wil bring him to his graue. And who may it be (quoth Flaminius,) of what family, of what beauty, of what degrée, that can, or dare deny Lord Lentulus? Is he not mighty, and may commaund by force, what he cannot obtaine by intreaty: wil not the souldiers at his beck rise in armes: feare not the consuls them-

selues

selues so wrong Lentulus? Doth not all Rome hang their thoughts at his lookes? Ah miserable father that harbours such a daughter & stubborne huswife, that denies so braue a Romane. In friendship Tully, tel mée who it is? Cicero willing to put a spur to a frée horse, & to lose his owne content to win his friẽds quiet, told him flatly it was his daughter Terentia: and for proofe, he shewed him the letters that past betwixt Lentulus and her. Assoone as her father had read the contents, as a man halfe mad he fell into furious and frantick tearmes, exclaiming against the head strong humor of foolish Terentia. After he had breathed out the heate of his choller, hée fell to bée somewhat appeased, and bad Tully home to supper, promising all should sort according vnto Lentulus minde. With that departing from the Capitoll, Tully and hée went home to his house, where the Cooke béeing somewhat slacke, Flaminius hearing his daughter was al alone in a garden, he wished Tully to try her once againe, and to perswade her by all possible meanes to grant to the request of Lentulus. Vpon this Tully went into the garden, where finding Terentia sitting solitarie in an Arbor vp to the hard eares in a dump, hée wakened her out of her muse thus. Vestas chiefe paragon, and Venus new entertained darling, you Madam Terentia I meane that sit in a Muse: are you offring orisons to Diana for your chastity, or thanks to Cupid for your loues: or what are you thinking on when you thinke on nothing? Terentia turning her head and séeing Tully all alone, blusht more then Cynthia did when she wantond with her faire faced shepheard, yet welcoming her loue with a smile, she tooke him by the hand and made him this answere.

Your subtile salutation concluding Vesta & Venus in one Dilemma, cõmands me answere, that I was doing my deuotiõ to both, offring praiers for my old thoughts, & thanks for my new loues: and scarce had I said, gramercie to the Goddesse, but you must come (Cicero) to make my thankes prodigious: for my thinking, when I thought of nothing, it was of mens loues which are lighter then the flame, & sooner faded thẽ a flash of lightning: but I pray you say, what

wind hath driuen you into this coast? Marry (Madam) the verry sighes that flie from Lentulus breast grew to so great a stormе, that I was blowne hither to seeke shelter for the tempest. You haue nothing (quoth Terentia) but Lentulus in your mouth: I pray you say, how fares the Gentleman? Ill Madame (quoth Tully) euery way, for his diet is bad, in that his stomacke is naught; and his health is doubtfull, in that his thoughts are disquiet: & (Madame) it rests in you to saue so honorable a gentleman, not onely from sicknesse but from sorrow. Aeneas was a straggling Troian, an exile periured and banisht euen from the ruins of Troy, yet Dido the famous Carthage Quéene made him her paramour. Demophoon a pirate, a robber in Greece, cast vp by shipwracke on the shore, yet entertained by Phillis. Phao a ferriman, a slaue, yet fauoured by Sapho. Lentulus, the hope of ỹ Romanës, more beautifull then Aeneas, more couragious then Demophoon, & more honorable then Phao, more louing then them all, reiected by Terentia, his neighbor and familiar. Think not Terentia but loue as he hath roses, so he hath nettles, as he hath perfumes, so he hath hemlocke, and holding fauor, he claspeth reueng, as ready to pierce, as to pacifie. If you procure Lentulus death, Cupid hath power to enforce your despaire, & to cause your loue to be as fickle to you as you are froward to him. Then (Madame) let me be the messenger of life, & from your sweéte self cary such conserues to Lentulus, as may recouer his health, and increase your honours. This discourse of Tully did but set Terentias heart on fire. For hearing the pleasant harmony of her Cicero, she liked of the musicke as of the Syrens melody, and so intangled herselfe with many new conceiued fancies, in so much that forgetting whose daughter she was, she burst forth into these tearmes.

Did I not Cicero tell thée twixt Arpinatum & Rome, that loue hath but one Cel, wherein to place ỹ Idæa of the party loued? wilt thou haue me like the Camelion to haue many colours, or like Helena, to entertaine many loues? I know Lentulus dignities are beyond my degrée, that his honours are more then my fortunes, that his loue is great, and so I

hold

hold him ẏ ſecond in my moſt ſecret thought, though firſt he cannot be, ꝛ that he craues. Thou doeſt wring water out of the flint, fire out of the dry ſands, and immodeſty from her that hath euer bene honored for chaſtitie: ſo that by waſtleſſe perſwaſions for thy friend, I am forſt to ſay thou art the friend that Terentia hath choſen amongſt all the worthy Romanes. Before I ſaw thée Tully, I loued thée, and now I haue ſettled my affection, ꝛ thou wrongeſt me with diſcourteſie: but either ceaſe from intreating for Lentulus, or looke toſée me worſe then Lentulus. And with this bluſhing at her owne ouermuch loues, ſhe powred forth ſuch aboundance of teares, as well might bewray the ſincerities of her affections. Tully grieuing to ſe the goddeſſe of his thoughts in this paſſion, anſwered her mildly, thus. Blame mée not (Terentia) if I plead for Lentulus, ſéeing his ſorrow, and entring into mine own promiſe. Then friendſhip, is no ſweeter iewel, then how can I but labour ere I léeſe ſo rich a prize? But ſéeing Terentia hath vouchſafed of ſo meane a man as Tully, whoſe honours onely hangs in his ſtudies: loue being the ſtricteſt league of amitie, and no ſuch friendſhip, as is marriage: I vow by the Romane Gods, euer to bée a dutifull ſeruant vnto Terentia: and with my loyaltie ſo to requite her fauours, as Rome ſhall more admire my affections, then they haue wondred at my eloquence: yet with this Prouiſo (my ſwéete Terentia) that although I preferre thy fauours before mine owne life, yet if thou canſt, ſtriue to loue Lentulus; which if either the Gods, loue, fortune, or thy ſelfe can bring to paſſe, I will with mine own preiudice, conquer mine owne thoughts to ſatiſfie the content of Lentulus. As Terentia was ready to reply, one of her fathers ſeruants came to requeſt Cicero to come to ſupper, who taking his leaue of Terentia went in to her father Flaminius, who ſitting down to ſupper, paſſed away the time in ordinary talke. Their repaſt being taken, Flaminius calling Tully on the one ſide, demanded what his daughters anſwere was. Peremptorily (quoth Tully) ſtill to hold Lentulus in miſlike. Then you ſhall heare (quoth her Father) what I will ſay, and ſo report to Lentulus: So calling for

Terentia, they three being together, he began thus.

I know not how Terentia, to insinuate my *Exordiū*, whether friedly to perswade with a smile or fatherly to admonish with a frowne, thy follies are so great, & my care so tender. Rome hath hitherto admired thy vertues, and I haue praised thy obedience: thou hast bene counted honourable & chast, wise to eschew wantonnesse, but neuer coye to be thought disdainefull: & shall now all these graces end in disgrace? Then Terentia maiest thou repent here after, & I powre forth present sorrowes. I speake thus, for that I here in this City what maketh me to grieue & may force thée to blush. They say Terentia is beautiful, proud, witty & ouérwening, hauing coy disdaine crept into the place of curteous desire: thus men say that enuy thy follies, & grieue at Lentulus fortunes. Now daughter, thou séest the marke I aime at, & maist iudge of my shot by the leuell: Lentulus is fallen into a feuer, which Æsclapo that famous phisition of Patras censures to be mortal. Thy frowardnes was the efficiēt of the disease, & now ỳ deniest cure of the malady; vnaduised girle that neither weighest of thy own honors, nor his miseries. Lentulus requires Terentia in mariage: let vs make compare of the parties, & so examine the cause of thy denials. He is descended from ỳ Lentuli & AEmilii two houses that euer haue bin the props of ỳ Romane dignities; his honours are great, as Proconsul in his youth against the Parthians: his fortunes mighty, doubled with his conquests and victories: his reuenewes such as he may with Crassus mainetaine Legions. If like Venus darling thou sékest to féed thine eye, his fauor is more then his that pleased Cynthia. If thou couetest a Souldier, Lenlulus in Rome, is as Hector was in Troy. If a Courtier, who'braues it so in Italy? To conclude, if Terentia couet to loue, there is none so fit to loue within the Romane Empire as Lentulus. Whereas Terentia is but ỳ daughter of a meane Senator, her dowry cannot be much, for that her fathers wealth is not great. Beautifull she is, & so are many in Rome, who are of meaner parentage. Her glories are but fortunes pelfe that florish in the morning, & fad before night. What thē can moue

Terentia

Terentia to oppose her selfe against Lentulus, vnlesse she fatally presageth her owne discredit, & ỹ ruin of her fathers house? If then daughter ỹ art child to Flaminius, I charge thée by the strict law of nature, which Philosophers call *Regius amor*, a kingly loue: if ỹ be a maid, by that holy fire of Vesta: if beutiful, by Venus deity: if a Romane, by thy contries loue ỹ loues Lentulus: which if ỹ refuse to performe, thy father shall curse thée, Vesta shal shut thée from her temples, Venus from her fauors, & thy country from inioying the swéte content of honour, and then make thée outcast of all her Romane virgins. More are my reasons to alleage, then thy reasons able to contrarie: but omitting all, & saying he is onely Lentulus: Daughter, what answere?

Terentia séeing her father in such a choller, and that hée was induced vnto it by Ciceroes perswasions, in a fury began thus frantick. I deny not, but fathers chalenge loue by nature, and obedience by dutie, & both those Sir (I hope) I haue euer performed: if not, I rest sorowfull, and craue pardon: but in loue parents haue no priuiledge: For the liking of the father is no contract of the daughter. Venus conclusions grow not of parẽts promises, nor can affection be like the fire strõken forth of a flint: for loue is chosen by the eye, and confirmed by the heart, womens thoughts are not the spoyles of Mars, nor is the battell of fancie fought with the sword, but with the senses, & loues arrowes are appointed by fate and fortune. Weigh then Terentia, who hath not her loues in hand, but in her heart, and thereunto none can make breath, but such a one as the pleasing constellation of the starres haue appointed. I do not deny the excellency of Lentulus, as well in exterior shew of honours, wealth, dignities, & proportion, as in the interior vertues & perfection of the mind, and that he merits a Lady of far more estéeme then Terentia: but I know not what contrary aspect, either of the planets in our natiuities, or of loues in our thoughts, or of fortune in our resolution to like, hath crossed his desire, and my fancie; but of all the Romane Gentlemen, I cannot fancie my Lord Lentulus. Cressida confest Troylus was the better knight, and yet the Greeke

held her lowly in his tent. Sith when affection growes from desire, and desire is tyed to destroy, seeke not Sir to wring water out of the pumer, or to couple the Mouse & the Elephant at one stall, to unite those loues that Venus in her synode house hath expressly countercheckt. For to aunswere your obiection, Terentia cannot force her selfe to loue Lentulus. Shee thus concluded with a few teares, her Father departing from her with a frowne, told Tully that no reason was sufficient to induce his daughter to be affectionate: therefore that he wished Lentulus to appease his passions & to salue such impossibilities with patience: whereupon they, after chang of salutations & common curtesies, parted with a friendly farewel. Tully at his home coming, reuealed vnto Lentulus the whole discourse, how Flaminius had serched into ỹ depth of Terentias thoughts, both with plausible perswasions, & inforced reasons, and could find no other conclusion, but that she could not loue Lentulus. Although this newes pierced the verie center of his heart as mortally, as if he had ben wounded with the sting of Aspes; yet chearing himselfe a little, hee sat vp, and in his owne mind hauing about or two with fancie, hee gaue her so deepe a rente, that hee held affect at the swords point. But Tully, who between friendship and loue felt a furious combat, allured with the beautious perfection of Terentia & forbidden that fauour by the entyre amity he had vowed vnto Lentulus, entred into so deepe a melancholy that not able to master his passions, hee fell sick, and kept his bed. Lentulus seeing his Tully thus distrest, grieued at his friends misfortune, cheered vphimselfe, that he might some what comfort his Cicero, that newly was crossed with a distempered sicknes. He sought by Philicke to search out the nature of ỹ disease: but Asclapo could not deeme the cause by the effects: he sought by intreaties to wrest out the occasiõ of so sudaine a sorrow, but in vaine. Tully was so secret & silent to make any shew of his loues, though he bought such secrecy with death. This grieued Lentulus, who seeing himselfe euery day to amend, perceiued that Cicero daply wared worse & worse. Lingring thus in inward passions.

Terentia.

Terentia that toke it discourteously at Tullies hand, that he should force her Father, to inforce her to loue Lentulus, seeing she had onely deuoted her selfe as his, how soeuer fortune should oppose her selfe. To ease her mind of some choler that boyled in her secret thoughts, shee toke pen & inke, and wrote him a letter to this effect.

Terentia, to Marcus Tullius Cicero, health.

AS my thoughts are secret & loues extreme, so is vnkindnes bitter & the more vneasie borne. Thou playest (Tully) with me, as do the Leopards with their keeper, that euer wrong them most, that giue them greatest store of fodder. Are these Venus lawes to pay honny with gall, to make rods of nettles, for garlands of Roses? to hate them most, that loue most? the ingratitude of Tully hath drawne Terentia into this choler. And if I write sharply, blame me not that am vsed so shrowdly. Before I euer saw thy face, I allowed thy fauour, and onely hearing thy vertues with mine eare, I registred them vp deeply in my heart. Terentia hath bene courted of many, yet neuer made account of any: sundry haue sought my loues, but they haue returned with losse. Lentulus the terrour of ỹ Parthians, the honour of the Romanes, & thy friend hath long wooed, but what hath he won? onely Tully hath obtained, that which so many haue miss, and yet he deales with Terentia as crabbedly as she vsed him courteously. Do louers for filthes proffer scorpions or doe they like ỹ serpent, sting him that cherisheth him vp in his bosome? I seeke to fauour Tully, and he importunate, sues for fauor for Lentulus. Art thou so deepe a philosopher, as to deem friendship aboue mariage, or faith aboue fancy, or thy Terentia lesse then thy Lentulus? if it bee so, take heed that Terentia too much wronged scornes not both thee and Lentulus. Womens thoughts consists oft in extremes, and they that loue most, if abused, hate most deadly: feare this, and beware of my frowne: as yet there is but one wrinckle in my brow, but if it once proue full of angry furrowes,

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it will be to late to take hold of occasion behind: Thou art forewarned, be before armed, and so farewell.

Thy Terentia, if thou wrong
nor Terentia.

After shee had written this Letter, shée caused it to be conueied by Eutrapilus to Tully, who reading the contents, found not a salue to cure his malady, but that Terentia rubbed ỹ scar afresh, by shaking him vp so sharply, yet coueting rather to die with an honorable mind to Lentulus, then wõ a discredit to enioy beautifull Terentia, he laid his head on his pillow, and with many sighes bewraide the depth of his sorrowes. Hauing laide his letter at his beds head, ouercharged with many cares, pore Tully fell aslæpe, and so sodainly, that Lentulus, by the help of Eutrapilus got to haue a sight of his letter. Assone as the Gentleman saw how dæply Terentia was affected to his friend, and perceiued by ỹ circumstances, that he chose rather to die, then to falsifie his faith, such a secret loue towards Tully so pierced the closet of his honorable thoughts, that he fell to conceipt but meanely of Terentia, and to wish that his friend Cicero might both recouer his health, & his loue. Now began that fancie of Lentulus to fræze, that erst was so great a flame, & he that like the Salamander delighted to liue in the fire, began to feare to *accedere ad ignem*, lest he should *Calescere plus quam satis*. Now he called to mind the resolution of Terentia, tempered with frowardnesse; and with that hée did propozition the vertues of Flauia, mixed with courtesie, finding the fauour of the one, answerable to the beauty of the other: then the faith of his friend, his sickneſſe & extreme sorrows. These weighed with dæp consideration, he bowd to sæke by all meanes how to win Terentia wholy for his friend Cicero. In this humor he conueied this letter vnder his beds head, & rested silent till occasion might offer him opportunitie to discouer the perfection of his amity. Thus grew Lentulus at one time from his sickness & his loue, walking abroad, & visiting Flaminius, who entertained him in

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all sumptuous manner. But Lentulus seeing the three Ladies, made no shew to Terentia, nor scarce glaunced a looke vpon her beautie, but onely courted the Ladie Flauia, whom he found so agreeable and pliant to his suites, that Terentia and Cornelia might easilie see how deepely they were linked in the league of affection. Leauing Tully thus sicke on his bed, and Lentulus in sweet content with Flauia, againe to our new transformed Fabius, who in this time proued one of the braueſt Gentlemen in Rome, and finding a restlesse passion in his minde for the beautie of Terentia, as hauing continually before his eyes the Idæa of her person, seeing by her meanes hee was metamorphosed and brought to this perfection, making the force of his loue priuie to his Father Varinius, he was not onely prayſed for his good choice, but willed to go forward in the obtaining of his affections. Whereupon, not willing to make a long haruest of a little crop, to preuent (as he though) that none should cut the grasse from vnder his feete, he went to Terentias Father, and bluntly craued his daughter in marriage. He knowing him to be of honourable parentage, and of rich reuenews, seeing shee would not condescend vnto Lentulus, gaue him his franke good will, if hee could creepe into his daughters fauor; who taking the aduantage of the time, went to find out Terentia who as then was very melancholie, sitting with Flauia and Cornelia, talking of the sicknes of Tully. As they were thus in that, came in Fabius, whom they straight knew, and wondred at his strange alteration: he, to shew he could as well court it as the braueſt young gentleman in Rome, beganne thus curteously to salute the Ladies. Maruell not (Ladies) if a country swaine presume to atempt the presence of such rare excellencies, seeing Oenones shepheard durſt with his eye suruey the beautie of diuine goddesses, & they to shew they were as gracious and full of fauours, gaue him the greateſt minion that was counted the greateſt paragon of the world. Earthly creatures you bee, faire Romanes, but heauenly faces, whose looks lighten diuine influence into the thoughts of such as dare to contēplate your perfections. I speake this as being the man, that from the cart liue in the court, thus

metamorphosed by your supernatural beauties. For which fauour I am come in duty, to rest a bounden votary to your swéet selues. Terentia was so pensiue for Tullies passions, that shée would make no answere. But Cornelia, whom already Cupid had set on fire with Fabius feature, shée returned him this reply.

I remember Fabius, that sitting in the groue by Arpinatum, a gentle swaine much like your selfe in proportion, though not in properties, séeing we were slenderly guarded with a Page, conducted vs home to Rome with his friendly company: if it be your selfe, had we as braue a Lady as Helena was, & were shée in our power to bestow, we would make you master and sole possessor of her beauties, so to reward your courtesie. Fabius séeing the marke so faire, though not to lose his shote, but aimed his leuel thus.

And for that cause (Ladies) is Fabius come, that his méed may not want his merite, glad that Venus dewes downe such fauours, and opportunitie such showers of good fortune to find you all here in so fit a time. For know (honourable Romanes) that for my grosse and rude nature, hating the ciuill behauiour of the Cittie, I was surnamed Fabius: in which obscure life I liued, hauing my senses eclipsed with folly, till the gods grudging at natures spite, sent you thée to be ministers of happines. For comming into the groue where you lay all aslépe, casting myne eye on the beauty of Terentia, such a dépe impression was figured in my minde, that I felt an vnacquainted motion, with a milde reuerence to thinke wel of her perfectiō: surueying her singular beauties, I fell so farre in loue with her excellency, that from the country I came to the cittie, and how since by her gracious sight I haue metamorphosed my selfe, your owne eares, and the wonder of Rome is best able to witnesse. Then Ladies, I count the renewing of my life to come from the feature of Terentia, and that shée, not as Diana, changed me frō a man to bée a beast, but contrarie, full of fauour, hath reduced mé from a sensuall beast, to a perfect reasonable man. How déeply then I ought to bée bowed to her, whose sight is the welspring of my happines, let the greatnesse of my benefit make

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manifeſt: in ſo much, as feeding my thoughts with the contemplation of Terentias beautie, I haue bin thus tranſformed, but withall, ſo ſurpriſed with her loue, that as I haue gained a ſecond eſſence by her ſweete ſelfe, ſo I haue loſt my ſelfe within the Labyrinth of her lookes, that I remaine her captiue while it pleaſeth her to grant mée libertie. Be then (braue Roman dames) impartiall doomers of my ſute, whether my deſerts craue not loue, that thus haue bin changed for her loue. My parents are Senators, my reuenewes inferiour to none: old Vatinius glad of my choice, and Terentias father thrice happy if his daughter might like of Vatinius. Now reſts it onely in Terentias power to make me bleſſed, or infortunate. At this diſcourſe of Fabius, the Ladies were aſtonished, and Terentia galled to the quick with this demaunde held her tongue, till Cornelia and Flauia, loking earneſtly vpon her, aſked her what anſwere ſhe made to Fabius. Such quoth ſhe as I returned to Lentulus: for know ſir, if either the honor of a ſouldier, the dignity of a Romane, the reuenewes of a Senators ſonne, or the déepe impreſſiō of fancie might haue drawne Terentia to loue, I had bēn ere this the wife & paramour of Lentulus. But not the courage of Hector that won Andromache, nor the wiſdome of Vliſſes that intangled Caliplo, nor the beautie of Priamus ſon that drew Greece in armes to Troy: theſe perfections if cōbined in one man, ſhould not moue Terentia to liſten to the alurements of Venus: not that I make light eſtéeme of Lentulus, or that I hold ſmall account of Fabius, as two chiefe myrrors of our Romane Gentlemen: but that either my vowes are reſolued to Veſta, or if Cupid hath taken mée by the héele, it was before Lentolus came from Parthia, or you from Arpinatū: ſo that to conclude, howſoeuer it is, I cannot become affectionate to Fabius. At this reply Fabius ſtood ſo amazed, as if he had bin an vnwelcom gueſt at the feaſt of Perſeus; which Cornelia noting, déepely in loue with Fabius, ſhe told him thus: Nor may you (Fabius) think much at this repulſe, ſith Lentulus and you are in one predicament, now both become gainers in libertie, that haue bēn loſers in loue: and either get the willow garland, and ſo mourne for

your Ladies frowne, or séeke a Mistris that may shew you more fauour: for as for Terentia shée hath chosen, and none must please her but Orators. If there bée (Fabius) but one sun that is thought the beautie of heauen, yet there bée planets that though not in shine, yet in influence, are as bertuous. What? there bée Ladies (I meane) of such course dye as my selfe and Flauia, that when Terentia is once married loke for husbands. Fabius hearing Cornelia thus pleasant, noted this quip, ý none must please her but Orators, which made Terentia blush for anger, and Fabius to make this answere: I know no Orators in Rome quoth hée, whose peres are answerable to Terentias thoughts but onely Marcus Tullius Cicero, & if it be he, I sweare by the fitch that gaue him his surname, Terentia shall be Mistris of a godly Cottage in Arpinatum. Terentia hearing Fabius to giue Tully the frump, answered thus.

The more his fortune, if it be he whose vertues hath made him master of his owne desires: for his lands in Arpinatum, as they be little, yet shall his lacke be counterualed with his loues: and if hée hath not one to inrich him with dowry, yet I may perhaps content him with beautie. And therefore Fabius, to take away all suspitions, it is Tully, and none but Tully that shall enioy Terentia. And quoth Fabius in great choler, nor Tully nor none besides Tully, but Fabius shall enioy Terentia. Whereupon departing without taking his farewell, going in to her father, & discoursing vnto him, that Tully was the man that his daughter had chosen for her husband, swearing that his sword, ere it were long should ende their loues. Although Flaminius were grieued, yet he sought to pacifie Fabius, but in vaine: for hée flung out of the doores in a rage, and went to Miloes house to séeke Tully. Where breathing out many dispitefull threats against the Orator, it came at last to Lentulus eare. Who now to make manifest the déepe affection hée bare to Cicero, trouping himselfe with a crue of the *Prætextati*, and chiefe Romane Gentlemen that had béene souldiers, and trained vp with him in the warres, hée went to séeke out Fabius, and found him with certaine his companyons about the Capitol. Lentulus

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and that was Tully. This word (graue Senators and Romans) sounding basely in the eares of Fabius, caused him to take armes, and Lentulus to defend his friend Cicero, as for him before he had lost his loue, so he meant to lose his life, and withstood him in the face. Thus grew this mutiny not against beautie, for it is a chiefe god of it selfe, nor against Tully, for hee is meane and vnworthy to bee reuenged by armes, but against Terentia, because she vouchsafed to loue Tully. This (Romanes) is the cause of this mutiny, to suppresse which, let Tully die; for hee had rather pacifie this strife by death, then see the meanest Roman fall on the sword. The common people at this beganne to murmur, pleased with the plausible Oration of Tully, which one of the Senators seeing, stood vppe and saide thus: Terentia, Cicero hath shewed reasons why thou shouldest loue Lentulus and Fabius, but what reason canst thou infer to loue so meane a mã as Tully? Terentia blushing made this answere: Before so honourable an audience, as these graue Senators, and worthy Romane Citizens, womens reasons would seeme no reasons, especially in loue, which is without reason; therefore I onely yéld this reason, I loue Cicero, not able to ratifie my affection with any strong reason, because loue is not circumscript within reasons limits: but if it please the Senate to pacifie the mutinie, let Terentia leaue to liue, because she cannot leaue to loue, and onely to loue Cicero. At this she wept, and stained her face with such a pleasing vermilion die, that ỹ people shouted, None but Cicero. Wherupon before the Senate, Tully & Terentia were betrothed, Lentulus and Fabius made friends, and the one named Lentulus, as the Annales made mention, married to Flauia, and Fabius wedded to the worthy Cornelia.

FINIS.

Zachariah Spencer
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